THE HOWE READERS

A FOURTH READER

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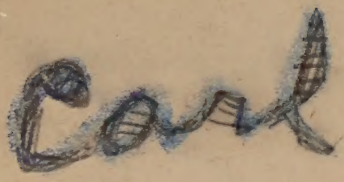
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Carl Schafer.
Carl Schafer.

THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON.

THE HOWE READERS

A FOURTH READER

BY

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NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1909

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PRINTERS AND BINDERS

PREFACE

In the "Fourth Reader" a definite attempt has been made to direct the young pupil to good literature with the object of developing his taste. As in the other books of this series, the purpose has always been to furnish reading which will make childhood better and happier. The selections chosen are consequently the expression of high and noble ideas in artistic literary form. The authors have constantly borne in mind, however, that a book may be good and at the same time entertaining, and have never for a moment forgotten the interests of the child. The selections of the "Fourth Reader" represent the life of animals, the world out of doors, the people of other countries, the early colonial days, and heroic incidents in the history of our country, with a dominating insistence upon kindness, courage, nobility, and the virtues of simple living.

Following the usual custom, the authors have abridged the selections when, for pedagogical reasons, it has seemed desirable to do so.

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Little Blue Fox	*David Starr Jordan*	1
Ariel's Song	*William Shakespeare*	4
Kittykin and her Part in the War	*Thomas Nelson Page*	5
Jefferson's Ten Rules	*Thomas Jefferson*	15
The Blind Men and the Elephant	*John G. Saxe*	16
Four-leaf Clover	*Ella Higginson*	18
The New Teacher	*Edward Eggleston*	19
The Curate and the Mulberry Tree	*Thomas Love Peacock*	23
The Flower Folk	*Christina G. Rossetti*	24
The Emperor's New Clothes	*Hans Christian Andersen*	25
No Boy Knows	*James Whitcomb Riley*	33
Iktomi and the Coyote	*Zitkala Sä*	35
Travel	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	40
After the Shipwreck	*Daniel Defoe*	42
The Tiger	*William Blake*	50
The Throstle	*Alfred Tennyson*	51
Eyes and No Eyes	*Anna Letitia Barbauld*	52
The Arrow and the Song	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	60
Sara Crewe and the Beggar Girl	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	61
For an Autumn Festival	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	69
Duty	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	70
The Bird of Washington	*Hezekiah Butterworth*	71
The Fountain	*James Russell Lowell*	74
The Careful Observer	*Charles C. Colton*	75
Newton	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	78
A Chinese Story	*Christopher Pearse Cranch*	81
Big Game	*Eugene Murray-Aaron*	85
The Wind in a Frolic	*William Howitt*	90
Widow Wiggins' Wonderful Cat	*Edward Eggleston*	92

		PAGE
Ingratitude	*William Shakespeare*	96
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	*Felicia Hemans*	97
The Boyhood of Franklin	*Wilbur F. Gordy*	100
Nobility	*Alice Cary*	105
Old Jessie's Christmas	*Anna Harris Smith*	107
At Morning	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	115
Clover	*John B. Tabb*	116
Little Warrior's Counsel	*George Bird Grinnell*	117
The Greenwood Tree	*William Shakespeare*	120
To a Butterfly	*William Wordsworth*	121
The Pine-tree Shillings	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	122
The Corn Song	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	129
A Song	*Robert Browning*	131
Letitia and the Redcoats	*Lillian Price*	132
The Old Oaken Bucket	*Samuel Woodworth*	139
Arthur's Prayer	*Thomas Hughes*	141
Somebody's Mother		148
Alice in Wonderland	*Lewis Carroll*	149
The Singing Lesson	*Jean Ingelow*	156
The Forging of Balmung	*James Baldwin*	158
Abou Ben Adhem	*Leigh Hunt*	165
The Shooting Match at Nottingham Town	*Howard Pyle*	166
The Owl	*Alfred Tennyson*	174
Hiawatha's Childhood	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	175
A Curious Instrument	*Jane Taylor*	179
The Stranger	*John B. Tabb*	183
Nose and Eyes	*William Cowper*	184
Candle-making at the Coolidges'	*Gertrude L. Stone and M. Grace Fickett*	186
Step by Step	*Josiah Gilbert Holland*	194
The Sugar Camp	*Charles Dudley Warner*	196
Indiana	*Sarah K. Bolton*	201
The Story of My Life	*Hellen Keller*	204
The Vicar's Sermon	*Charles Mackay*	210
The New Kentucky Home	*Frances Perry*	212
A Bird's Nest	*James Hurdis*	216

		PAGE
Tom	*Constance Fenimore Woolson*	217
With Whom is no Variableness	*Arthur Hugh Clough*	220
The Fish I didn't Catch	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	221
The Barefoot Boy	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	224
A Sea-song	*Allan Cunningham*	229
The Mist	*Carl Ewald*	230
Snowdrop	*Alfred Tennyson*	237
In the Orchard	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	238
The Meaning of the Flag	*Charles F. Dole*	239
The American Flag	*Joseph Rodman Drake*	242
The Star-spangled Banner	*Francis Scott Key*	243
The Story of Ruth		245
What do we Plant when we Plant the Tree?	*Henry Abbey*	249
Calling the Quail	*Dallas Lore Sharp*	250
Bob White	*George Cooper*	253
The Sandpiper	*Celia Thaxter*	254
Rare September		255
The Race	*Mary Mapes Dodge*	256
NOTES		273

THE HOWE FOURTH READER

THE LITTLE BLUE FOX

David Starr Jordan

Once there was a little blue fox, and his name was Eichkao, and he was a thief. So he built his house down deep among the rocks under the moss on the Mist Island, and his little fox children used to stay down among the rocks. There they would gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, whenever they heard anybody walking over their heads.

Eichkao and his fox wife used to run all round over the rocks to find something for them to eat, and whenever Eichkao saw anybody coming he would go klin-n-ng, kling-g-g, and his voice was high and sharp, just like the voice of a buzz-saw.

One day he walked out on the rocks over the water and began to talk to the black sea-parrot, whose name is Epatka, and who sits erect on his carelessly built nest with one egg in it, and wears a great bill like red sealing-wax.

He has a long white quill pen stuck over each ear, and over his face is a white mask, so that nobody can know what kind of face he has; and all you can see behind the mask is a pair of little, foolish, twinkling white glass eyes.

What the two said to each other I don't know, but they did not talk very long, for in a few minutes when I came back to his house among the rocks Eichkao was gone, and there lay on the bank a bill made of red sealing-wax, a white mask, and two little white quill pens.

There were a few bones and claws and some feathers, but they did not seem to belong to anything in particular, and the little foxes in the rocks went gurgle, gurgle, gurgle.

One day I lay down on the moss out by the old fox walk on the Mist Island, and Eichkao saw me there and thought I was some new kind of walrus which might be good to eat, and would feed all the little foxes for a month.

So he ran around me in a circle, and then ran around again, then again, and again, always making the circle smaller, until finally the circle was so narrow that I could reach him with my hand.

As he went around and around, all the time he looked at me with his cold, gray, selfish eye, and not one of the beasts has an eye as cruel-cold as his.

When he thought that he was near enough, he gave a snap with his jaws, and tried to bite off a morsel to take home to the little foxes; but all I offered him was a piece of rubber boot.

And when I turned around to look at him he was running as fast as he could, calling klin-n-g-g, klin-n-g, klin-ng, like a scared buzz-saw, all the time he went out of sight. And I think he is running yet, while the little foxes go gurgle, gurgle, under the rocks.

ARIEL'S SONG

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

KITTYKIN AND HER PART IN THE WAR

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Kittykin was about five months old when there was a great marching of soldiers backward and forward. The tents in the field beyond the woods were taken down and carried away in wagons, and there was an immense stir. There were rumors that the enemy was coming, and that there might be a battle near there. Evelyn was so young that she did not understand any more of it than Kittykin did. Her mammy soon gave her such a gloomy account, that Evelyn readily agreed with her that it was "like torment." As for Kittykin, if she had been born in a battle, she could not have been more unconcerned.

In a day or two it was known that the main body of the army was some little way off on a long ridge, and that the enemy had taken up its position on another hill not far distant, and Evelyn's home was between them; but there was no battle. Each army began to intrench itself, and in a little while there was a long red bank stretched across the far edge of the great field behind the house, which Evelyn was told was "breastworks" for the picket line; and she pointed them out to Kittykin, who blinked

and yawned as if she did not care the least bit if they were.

Next morning a small squadron of cavalry came galloping by. A body of the enemy had been seen, and they were going to learn what it meant. In a little while they came back.

As they rode by, they urged Evelyn's mamma either to leave the house at once or to go down into the basement, where they might be safe from the bullets. Then they galloped on across the field to get the rest of their men, who were in the trenches beyond. Before they reached there a lot of men appeared on the edge of the wood in front of the house. At first they were on horseback; but there was a "Bop! bop!" from the trenches in the field behind the house, and they rode back, and did not come out any more.

Next morning, however, they, too, had dug a trench. These, Evelyn heard some one say, were a picket line. About eleven o'clock they came out into the field, and they seemed to have spread themselves out behind a little rise or knoll in front of the house. Mammy's teeth were just chattering, and Evelyn's mamma told her to take Evelyn down into the basement, and she would bring the baby. So mammy seized Evelyn and rushed with her downstairs, where she fell on her face on the floor, praying as if her last hour had come. "Bop! bop!" went

some muskets up behind the house. "Bang! bop! bang!" went some on the other side.

Evelyn suddenly remembered Kittykin. "Where was she?" The last time she had seen her was a half hour before, when she had been lying curled up on the back steps, fast asleep in the sun. "Bang! bang!" went the guns again — somewhere. Evelyn dragged a chair up to a window and looked. Her heart almost stopped; for there, out in the yard, quite clear of the houses, was Kittykin, standing some way up the trunk of a tall locust tree, looking curiously around. Her little white body shone like a small patch of snow against the dark brown bark. Evelyn sprang down from the chair, and rushed through the entry and out of doors.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty!" she called. "Kittykin, come here! You'll be killed! Come here, Kittykin!"

Kittykin, however, was in for a game, and rushed scampering still higher up the tree.

"Kitty, kitty! Come down, Kittykin!" she called, running up to the tree and holding up her arms to her. Kittykin might, perhaps, have liked to come down now, but she could no longer do so; she was too high up. She looked down, first over one shoulder and then over the other, but it was too high to jump. She grew so dizzy, she was afraid she might fall, so she dug her little sharp claws into the bark, and began to cry.

Evelyn would have run back to tell her mamma, but she was so afraid Kittykin might be killed that she could not let her get out of her sight. Indeed, she was so absorbed in Kittykin that she forgot all about everything else. Just as the leader of the Confederate picket line was about to give an order to make a dash for the houses in the yard, to his horror he saw a little girl in a white dress and with flying hair suddenly run out into the clear space right between him and the soldiers on the other side, and stop under a tree just in the line of their fire. His heart jumped into his mouth as he sprang to his feet and waved his hands wildly to call attention to the child. Then shouting to his men to stop firing, he walked out in front of the line, and came at a rapid stride down the slope. The others all stood still and almost held their breaths for fear some one would shoot; but no one did. Evelyn was so busy trying to coax Kittykin down that she did not notice anything until she heard some one call out:

"What on earth are you doing out here?"

The speaker was a young man, with just a little light mustache, and with a little gold braid on the sleeves of his gray jacket.

"I want my Kittykin," said Evelyn, answering him, and looking up the tree, with a little wave of her hand toward where Kittykin still clung tightly.

Kittykin suddenly stopped mewing, and, as if she felt it unsafe to be so near a stranger, climbed carefully up and peeped curiously over at them with a look of great satisfaction in her face, as much as to say: "Now I'm safe. I'd like to see you get me."

The gentleman was stroking Evelyn's hair and was looking at her very intently, when a voice called to him from the other side:

"Hello, Johnny! what's the matter?"

Evelyn looked around, and saw another gentleman coming toward them. He was older than the first one, and had on a blue coat, while the first had on a gray one. She knew one was a Confederate and the other was a Yankee, and for a second she was afraid they might shoot each other; but her first friend called out:

"Her kitten is up the tree. Come ahead!"

He came on, and looked for a second up at Kittykin, but he looked at Evelyn really hard, and suddenly stooped down, and putting his arm around her, drew her up to him. She got over her fear in a minute.

"Kittykin's up there, and I'm afraid she'll be kilt."

By this time the men on both sides began to come up, with their guns over their arms.

"Hello! what's up?" some of them called out.

"Her kitten's up," said the first two; and to make good their words, Kittykin, not liking so many people

below her, shifted her position again, and went up to a fresh limb, from which she again peeped over at them.

"What are you doing out here?" they asked; and to all she made the same reply:

"I want my Kittykin."

Suddenly her mamma came out. She had just gone downstairs, and had learned where Evelyn was. The two officers went up and spoke to her, but the men still crowded around Evelyn.

"She'll come down," said one. "All you have to do is to let her alone."

"No, she won't. She can't come down. It makes her head swim," said Evelyn.

Suddenly Kittykin from her high perch gave a faint "Mew," which said that she wanted to get down and could not.

Evelyn's big brown eyes filled with tears. "I want my Kittykin," she said, her little lip trembling.

Instantly a dozen men unbuckled their belts, laid their guns on the ground, and pulled off their coats, each one trying to be the first to climb the tree. It was, however, too large for them to reach far enough around to get a good hold on it, so climbing it was found to be far more difficult than it looked to be.

"Why don't you cut it down?" asked some one.

But Evelyn cried out that that would kill Kittykin.

At last it was proposed that one man should stand against the tree and another should climb up on his shoulders, when he might get his arms far enough around it to work his way up. A stout fellow with a gray jacket on planted himself firmly against the trunk, and one who had taken off a blue jacket climbed up on his shoulders.

At length, three or four men got good "holds," and went slowly up one after the other, amid such encouraging shouts from their friends on the ground below as: "Go it, Yank, the Johnny's almost got you!" "Look out, Johnny, the Yanks are right behind you!" while Kittykin gazed down in astonishment from above, and Evelyn looked up breathless from below. With much pulling and kicking, four men finally got up to the lowest limb.

A new difficulty, however, presented itself. The higher they climbed, the higher she climbed, until she was away up on one of the topmost boughs. There she turned, and looked back with alternate alarm and satisfaction expressed in her countenance. If the men stirred, she stood ready to fly; if they kept still, she settled down and mewed plaintively. Once or twice, as they moved, she took fright and looked almost as if about to jump.

Evelyn was breathless with excitement. "Don't let her jump," she called; "she will get kilt!"

The men, too, were anxious to prevent that. They

called to her, held out their hands, and coaxed her. But it was all in vain. No promises, no threats, were of the least avail. Kittykin was there safe out of their reach, and there she would remain, sixty feet above the ground.

Suddenly she saw that something was occurring below. She heard an order given, "Go back and get your blankets," and saw a whole lot of the men go running off into the field on either side, and presently come back with their arms full of blankets which they began to unroll and hold open all around the tree.

"Ah," said Kittykin, "it's a wicked trap!" and she dug her little claws deep into the bark, and made up her mind that nothing should induce her to jump. Presently she heard the soldiers in the tree under her call to those on the ground.

"Are you ready?"

And they said, "All right!"

"Ah," said Kittykin, "they cannot get down, either. Serves them right!"

But suddenly they all waved their arms at her and cried, "Scat!"

She dug her claws into the bark, which was quite tender up there, and it was well she did, for she heard some one call something below that sounded like "Shake!" and before she knew it the man nearest her reached up, and, seizing the limb on which she was,

screwed up his face, and — Goodness! it nearly shook the teeth out of her mouth and the eyes out of her head.

Shake! shake! shake! it came again, each time nearly tearing her little claws out of their sockets and scaring her to death. She saw the ground swim far below her, and felt that she would be mashed to death. Shake! shake! shake! shake! She could not hold out much longer, and she spat down at them. She formed a desperate resolve. She would get even with them.

With a fierce spit, partly of rage, partly of fear, Kittykin let go, whirled suddenly, and flung herself on the upturned face of the man next beneath her, from him to the man below him, and finally, sprang with a wild leap clear of the boughs, and shot whizzing out into the air, while the two men, thrown off their guard by the suddenness of the attack, loosed their hold, and went crashing down into the forks upon those below.

Before they could see what she was, she gave a bounce like a trap-ball as high as a man's head, and then, as she touched the ground again, shot like a wild sky-rocket hissing across the yard, and, with her tail all crooked to one side, vanished under the house. Oh, such a shout as there was from the soldiers! Evelyn heard them yelling as she ran off after Kittykin to see if she wasn't dead. They fairly howled with delight as the men in the tree,

with scratched faces and torn clothes, came crawling down. They looked very sheepish as they landed among their comrades.

Ever afterward when she saw a soldier Kittykin would run for life, and hide as far back under the house as she could get, with her eyes shining like two little live coals.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN G. SAXE

It was six men of Indostan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
(Though all of them were blind,)
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most:
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
  Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
  Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
  And all were in the wrong!

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

ELLA HIGGINSON

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
  And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
  Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
  And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck, —
  If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
  You must love and be strong — and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
  Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

THE NEW TEACHER

EDWARD EGGLESTON

The new teacher who was employed to take the Greenbank school in the autumn was a young man from college. Standing behind the desk hitherto occupied by the grim-faced Mr. Ball, young Williams looked very mild by contrast. He was evidently a gentle-spirited man as compared with the old master, and King Pewee and his crowd were gratified in noting this fact. They could have their own way with such a master as that!

When he called the school to order, there remained a bustle of curiosity and mutual recognition among the children. Riley and Pewee kept up a little noise by way of defiance. They had heard that the new master did not intend to whip. Now he stood quietly behind his desk, and waited a few moments in silence for the whispering group to be still. Then he slowly raised and levelled his finger at Riley and Pewee, but still said nothing. There was something so firm and quiet about his motion — something that said, "I will wait all day, but you must be still" — that the boys could not resist it.

By the time they were quiet, two of the girls had got into a titter over something, and the forefinger was aimed at them. The silent man made the pupils understand that he was not to be trifled with.

When at length there was quiet, he made every one lay down book or slate and face around toward him. Then with his pointing finger, or with a little slap of his hands together, or with a word or two at most, he got the school still again.

"I hope we shall be friends," he said, in a voice full of kindliness. "All I want is to — "

But at this point Riley picked up his slate and book, and turned away. The master snapped his fingers, but Riley affected not to hear him.

"That young man will put down his slate." The master spoke in a low tone, as one who expected to be obeyed, and the slate was reluctantly put upon the desk.

"When I am talking to you, I want you to hear," he went on, very quietly. "I am paid to teach you. One of the things I have to teach you is good manners. You," pointing to Riley, "are old enough to know better than to take your slate when your teacher is speaking, but perhaps you have never been taught what are good manners. I'll excuse you this time. Now, you all see those switches hanging here behind me. I did not put them there. I do not say that I shall not use them. Some boys have to be whipped, I suppose — like mules — and when I have tried, I may find that I cannot get on without the switches, but I hope not to have to use them."

Here Riley, encouraged by the master's mildness, and

irritated by the rebuke he had received, began to make figures on his slate.

"Bring me that slate," said the teacher.

Riley was happy that he had succeeded in starting a row. He took his slate and his arithmetic, and shuffled up to the master in a half-indolent, half-insolent way.

"Why do you take up your work when I tell you not to?" asked the new teacher.

"Because I didn't want to waste all my morning. I wanted to do my sums."

"You are a remarkably industrious youth, I take it." The young master looked Riley over, as he said this, from head to foot. The whole school smiled, for there was no lazier boy than this same Riley. "I suppose," the teacher continued, "that you are the best scholar in school — the bright and shining light of Greenbank."

Here there was a general titter at Riley.

"I cannot have you sit away down at the other end of the schoolroom and hide your excellent example from the rest. Stand right up here by me and cipher, that all the school may see how industrious you are."

Riley grew very red in the face and pretended to "cipher," holding his book in his hand.

"Now," said the new teacher, "I have but just one rule for this school, and I will write it on the blackboard that all may see it."

He took chalk and wrote :

DO RIGHT

" That is all. Let us go to our lessons."

For the first two hours that Riley stood on the floor he pretended to enjoy it. But when recess came and went, and Mr. Williams did not send him to his seat, he began to shift from one foot to the other and from his heels to his toes, and to change his slate from the right hand to the left. His class was called, and after recitation he was sent back to his place. He stood it as best he could until the noon recess ; but when, at the beginning of the afternoon session, Mr. Williams again called his " excellent scholar " and set him up, Riley broke down and said :

" I think you might let me go now."

" Are you tired ? " asked the cruel Mr. Williams.

" Yes, I am," and Riley hung his head, while the rest smiled.

" And are you ready to do what the good order of the school requires ? "

" Yes, sir."

" Very well ; you can go."

The chopfallen Riley went back to his seat, convinced that it would not do to rebel against the new teacher even if he did not use the beech switches.

THE CURATE AND THE MULBERRY TREE

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again, with a word, when the curate said "Hey!"
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been if some traveller this way
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry 'Hey'?"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

THE FLOWER FOLK

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Hope is like a harebell trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose the joy of all the earth;
Faith is like a lily lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely rose the world's delight;
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Many years ago there was an emperor who was so excessively fond of new clothes that he spent all his money on them. He cared nothing about his soldiers nor for the theatre, nor for driving in the woods except for the sake of showing off his new clothes. He had a costume for every hour in the day, and instead of saying as one does about any other king or emperor, "He is in his counsel chamber," here one always said, "The emperor is in his dressing-room."

Life was very gay in the great town where he lived: hosts of strangers came to visit it every day, and among them one day two swindlers. They gave themselves out as weavers, and said that they knew how to weave the most beautiful stuffs imaginable. Not only were the colors and patterns unusually fine, but the clothes that were made of the stuffs had the peculiar quality of becoming invisible to every person who was not fit for the office he held, or if he was impossibly dull.

"These must be splendid clothes," thought the emperor. "By wearing them I should be able to discover which men in my kingdom are unfitted for their posts. I shall

distinguish the wise men from the fools. Yes, I certainly must order some of that stuff to be woven for me."

He paid the two swindlers a lot of money in advance so that they might begin their work at once.

They did put up two looms and pretended to weave, but they had nothing whatever upon their shuttles. At the outset they asked for a quantity of the finest silk and the purest gold thread, all of which they put into their own bags while they worked away at the empty looms far into the night.

"I should like to know how those weavers are getting on with the stuff," thought the emperor; but he felt a little queer when he reflected that any one who was stupid or unfit for his post would not be able to see it. He certainly thought that he need have no fears for himself, but still he thought he would send somebody else first to see how it was getting on. Everybody in the town knew what wonderful power the stuff possessed, and every one was anxious to see how stupid his neighbor was.

"I will send my faithful old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. "He will be best able to see how the stuff looks, for he is a clever man and no one fulfils his duties better than he does!"

So the good old minister went into the room where the two swindlers sat working at the empty loom.

"Heaven preserve us!" thought the old minister, opening his eyes very wide. "Why, I can't see a thing!" But he took care not to say so.

Both the swindlers begged him to be good enough to step a little nearer, and asked if he did not think it a good pattern and beautiful coloring. They pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister stared as hard as he could, but he could not see anything, for of course there was nothing to see.

"Good heavens!" thought he, "is it possible that I am a fool? I have never thought so and nobody must know it. Am I not fit for my post? It will never do to say that I cannot see the stuffs."

"Well, sir, you don't say anything about the stuff." said the one who was pretending to weave.

"Oh, it is beautiful! quite charming!" said the old minister, looking through his spectacles: "this pattern and these colors! I will certainly tell the emperor that the stuff pleases me very much."

"We are delighted to hear you say so," said the swindlers, and then they named all the colors and described the peculiar pattern. The old minister paid great attention to what they said, so as to be able to repeat it when he got home to the emperor.

Then the swindlers went on to demand more money, more silk, and more gold, to be able to proceed with the

weaving; but they put it all into their own pockets — not a single strand was ever put into the loom, but they went on as before, weaving at the empty loom.

The emperor soon sent another faithful official to see how the stuff was getting on, and if it would soon be ready. The same thing happened to him as to the minister; he looked and looked, but as there was only the empty loom, he could see nothing at all.

"Is not this a beautiful piece of stuff?" said both the swindlers, showing and explaining the beautiful pattern and colors which were not there to be seen.

"I know I am not a fool," thought the man, "so it must be that I am unfit for my good post. It is very strange, though; however, one must not let it appear." So he praised the stuff he did not see, and assured them of his delight in the beautiful colors and the originality of the design. "It is absolutely charming!" he said to the emperor. Everybody in the town was talking about this splendid stuff.

Now the emperor thought he would like to see it while it was still on the loom. So, accompanied by a number of selected courtiers, among whom were the two faithful officials who had already seen the imaginary stuff, he went to visit the crafty impostors, who were working away as hard as ever they could at the empty loom.

"It is magnificent!" said both the honest officials.

"Only see, your Majesty, what a design! What colors!" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought no doubt the others could see the stuff.

"What!" thought the emperor; "I see nothing at all! This is terrible! Am I a fool? Am I not fit to be emperor? Why, nothing worse could happen to me!"

"Oh, it is beautiful!" said the emperor. "It has my highest approval!" and he nodded his satisfaction as he gazed at the empty loom. Nothing would induce him to say that he could not see anything.

The whole suite gazed and gazed, but saw nothing more than all the others. However, they all exclaimed with his Majesty, "It is very beautiful!" and they advised him to wear a suit made of this wonderful cloth on the occasion of a great procession which was just about to take place. "It is magnificent! gorgeous! excellent!" went from mouth to mouth; they were all equally delighted with it. The emperor gave each of the rogues an order of knighthood to be worn in their buttonholes, and the title of "Gentlemen weavers."

The swindlers sat up the whole night, before the day on which the procession was to take place, burning sixteen candles; so that people might see how anxious they were to get the emperor's new clothes ready. They pretended to take the stuff off the loom. They cut it out in the air with a huge pair of scissors, and they stitched

away with needles without any thread in them. At last they said: "Now the emperor's new clothes are ready!"

The emperor, with his grandest courtiers, went to them himself, and both the swindlers raised one arm in the air, as if they were holding something, and said: "See, these are the trousers, this is the coat, here is the mantle!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web. One might think one had nothing on, but that is the very beauty of it!"

"Yes!" said all the courtiers, but they could not see anything, for there was nothing to see.

"Will your imperial Majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes," said the impostors, "so that we may put on the new ones, along here before the great mirror?"

The emperor took off all his clothes, and the impostors pretended to give him one article of dress after the other, of the new ones which they had pretended to make. They pretended to fasten something round his waist and to tie on something; this was the train, and the Emperor turned round and round in front of the mirror.

"How well his Majesty looks in the new clothes! How becoming they are!" cried all the people round. "What a design, and what colors! They are most gorgeous robes!"

"The canopy is waiting outside which is to be carried over his majesty in the procession," said the master of the ceremonies.

"Well, I am quite ready," said the emperor. "Don't the clothes fit well?" and then he turned round again in front of the mirror, so that he should seem to be looking at his grand things.

The chamberlains who were to carry the train stooped and pretended to lift it from the ground with both hands, and they walked along with their hands in the air. They dared not let it appear that they could not see anything.

Then the emperor walked along in the procession under the gorgeous canopy, and everybody in the streets and at the windows exclaimed, "How beautiful the emperor's new clothes are! What a splendid train! And they fit to perfection!" Nobody would let it appear that he could see nothing, for then he would not be fit for his post, or else he was a fool.

None of the emperor's clothes had been so successful before.

"But he has nothing on," said a little child.

"Oh, listen to the innocent," said its father; and one person whispered to the other what the child had said. "He has nothing on; a child says he has nothing on!"

"But he has nothing on!" at last cried all the people.

The emperor writhed, for he knew it was true, but he thought "the procession must go on now," so he held himself stiffer than ever, and the chamberlains held up the invisible train.

NO BOY KNOWS

James Whitcomb Riley

There are many things that boys may know —
Why this and that are thus and so, —
Who made the world in the dark and lit
The great sun up to lighten it:
Boys know new things every day —
When they study, or when they play, —
When they idle, or sow and reap, —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Boys who listen — or should, at least, —
May know that the round old earth rolls East; —
And know that the ice and the snow and the rain —
Ever repeating their parts again —
Are all just water and the sunbeams first
Sip from the earth in their endless thirst,
And pour again till the low streams leap, —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

A boy may know what a long glad while
It has been to him since the dawn's first smile,
When forth he fared in the realm divine
Of brook-laced woodland and spun-sunshine; —

He may know each call of his truant mates,
And the paths they went, — and the pasture-gates
Of the 'cross-lots home through the dusk so deep, —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Oh, I have followed me, o'er and o'er,
From the fragrant drowse on the parlor-floor,
To the pleading voice of the mother when
I even doubted I heard it then —
To the sense of a kiss, and a moonlit room,
And dewy odors of locust bloom —
A sweet white cot — and a cricket's cheep, —
But no boy knows when he goes to sleep.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

— Alexander Pope.

IKTOMI AND THE COYOTE*

ZITKALA SÄ

Afar off upon a large level land, a summer sun was shining bright. Here and there over the rolling green were tall bunches of coarse gray weeds. Iktomi in his fringed buckskins walked alone across the prairie with a black, bare head, glossy in the sunlight. He walked through the grass without following any well-worn foot-path.

From one large bunch of coarse weeds to another he wound his way about the great plain. He lifted his foot lightly and placed it gently forward like a wildcat prowling noiselessly through the thick grass. He stopped a few steps away from a very large bunch of sage. From shoulder to shoulder he tilted his head. Still farther he bent from side to side, first low over one hip and then over the other. Far forward he stooped, stretching his long thin neck like a duck, to see what lay under a fur coat beyond the bunch of coarse grass.

A sleek, gray-faced wolf! his pointed black nose tucked in between his four feet drawn snugly together; his handsome bushy tail wound over his nose and feet; a coyote fast asleep in the shadow of a bunch of grass! — this is what Iktomi spied. Carefully he raised one foot and cautiously reached out with his toes. Gently, gently he

* From *Old Indian Legends*, by Zitkala Sä. Copyright, 1901, by Ginn and Company, publishers.

lifted the foot behind and placed it before the other. Thus he came nearer and nearer to the round fur ball lying motionless under the sage-grass.

Now Iktomi stood beside it, looking at the closed eyelids that did not quiver the least bit. Pressing his lips into straight lines and nodding his head slowly, he bent over the wolf. He held his ear close to the coyote's nose, but not a breath of air stirred from it.

"Dead!" said he at last. "Dead, but not long since he ran over these plains! See! there in his paw is caught a fresh feather. He is nice fat meat!" Taking hold of the paw with the bird feather fast on it, he exclaimed, "Why, he is still warm! I'll carry him to my dwelling and have a roast for my evening meal. Ah-ha!" he laughed, as he seized the coyote by its two fore paws and its two hind feet and swung him over head across his shoulders. The wolf was large and the tepee was far across the prairie. Iktomi trudged along with his burden, smacking his hungry lips together. He blinked his eyes hard to keep out the salty perspiration streaming down his face.

All the while the coyote on his back lay gazing into the sky with wide open eyes. His long white teeth fairly gleamed as he smiled and smiled.

"To ride on one's own feet is tiresome, but to be carried like a warrior from a brave fight is great fun!"

said the coyote in his heart. He had never been borne on any one's back before and the new experience delighted him. He lay there lazily on Iktomi's shoulders, now and then blinking blue winks. Did you ever see a birdie blink a blue wink? This is how it first became a saying among the plains people. When a bird stands aloof watching your strange ways, a thin bluish white tissue slips quickly over his eyes and as quickly off again; so quick that you think it was only a mysterious blue wink. Sometimes when children grow drowsy they blink blue winks, while others who are too proud to look with friendly eyes upon people blink in this cold bird manner.

The coyote was affected with both sleepiness and pride. His winks were almost as blue as the sky. In the midst of his new pleasure the swaying motion ceased. Iktomi had reached his dwelling-place. The coyote felt drowsy no longer, for in the next instant he was slipping out of Iktomi's hands. He was falling, falling through space, and then he struck the ground with such a bump he did not wish to breathe for a while. He wondered what Iktomi would do; thus he lay still where he fell. Humming a dance-song, one from his bundle of mystery songs, Iktomi hopped and darted about at an imaginary dance and feast. He gathered dry willow sticks and broke them in two against his knee. He built a large fire out of doors. The flames leaped up high in red and yellow streaks.

Now Iktomi returned to the coyote, who had been looking on through his eyelashes.

Taking him again by his paws and hind feet, he swung him to and fro. Then as the wolf swung toward the red flames, Iktomi let him go. Once again the coyote fell through space. Hot air smote his nostrils. He saw red dancing fire, and now he struck a bed of crackling embers. With a quick turn he leaped out of the flames. From his heels were scattered a shower of red coals upon Iktomi's bare arms and shoulders. Dumfounded, Iktomi thought he saw a spirit walk out of his fire. His jaws fell apart. He thrust a paw to his face, hard over his mouth. He could scarce keep from shrieking.

Rolling over and over on the grass and rubbing the sides of his head against the ground, the coyote soon put out the fire on his fur. Iktomi's eyes were soon almost ready to jump out of his head as he stood cooling a burn on his brown arm with his breath.

Sitting on his haunches, on the opposite side of the fire from where Iktomi stood, the coyote began to laugh at him.

"Another day, my friend, do not take too much for granted. Make sure the enemy is stone dead before you make a fire!"

Then off he ran so swiftly that his long bushy tail hung out in a straight line with his back.

TRAVEL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts;

Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

AFTER THE SHIPWRECK

DANIEL DEFOE

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before. But that which surprised me most was, that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by being dashed against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might have some necessary things for my use.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. I saw evidently that if we had kept on board we had been all safe — that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company as I now was. This forced tears from my eyes again, but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water.

But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board. For as she lay aground and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope hung down by the fore-chains so low that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, and her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low almost to the water.

By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuits, and ate as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood. I resolved to fall to work with

these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope that they might not drive away.

When this was done, I tied four of them fast together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them cross-ways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I got three of the seamen' s chests, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we had brought to sea with us. There had been some barley and wheat together, but to my great disappointment I found afterward that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all.

While I was doing this I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my

coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon — as, first, tools to work with on shore. And it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a shipload of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but I knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good. These two I got to my raft with the arms. And now having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, with this cargo I put to sea.

For a mile, or thereabouts, my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before; by which I perceived that

there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

Here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which if I had, I think, would have broken my heart; for knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water.

I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength, neither durst I stir from the posture I was in. Holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level. A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel, and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up.

I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping in time to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which with great pain and difficulty I guided my raft, and at last got so near that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep — that is to say, sloping — there was no place to land, but where one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink so low, that it would endanger my cargo again.

All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough — for my raft drew about a foot of water — I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground, one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I knew not, whether on the continent or on an island, whether inhabited or not inhabited, whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above

a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills which lay as in a ridge from it northward.

I took one of the fowling-pieces and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder, and thus armed I travelled up to the top of the hill, where, after I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw that I was on an island surrounded by the sea: no land to be seen except some rocks, which lay a great way off; and two small islands, less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found that the island was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited except by wild beasts, of which, however, I saw none. Yet I saw abundance of fowls. At my coming back I shot at a great bird which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, than from all parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls, making a confused screaming and crying, but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of hawk.

What to do with myself at night, I knew not. However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging.

THE TIGER

William Blake

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

THE THROSTLE

ALFRED TENNYSON

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

EYES AND NO EYES

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon? said Mr. Andrews, to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

ROBERT. I have been, sir, to Broom Heath, and so around by the windmill upon Camp Mount, and home through the meadows by the riverside.

MR. A. Well, that's a pleasant round.

ROBERT. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road.

MR. A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would indeed be better entertained upon the high road. But did you see William?

ROBERT. We set out together, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

MR. A. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

ROBERT. Oh, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that. I had rather walk alone. I dare say he is not home yet.

MR. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

William. Oh, sir, the pleasantest walk! I went all over Broom Heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking, and he complains of its dulness and prefers the high road.

William. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

William. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy, so I did not mind it much but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids of old in their religious rites.

William. A little farther on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on

which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

William. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying "pewit" so distinctly one might fancy they almost spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but, as I came near, he always made a shift to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in, then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit lameness.

William. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price at which it sells. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before, — a young viper which they had just killed, together with its dam. I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in

proportion and of a darker color than they are. They are very venomous, are they not?

Mr. A. Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

William. Well, I then took my course up to the windmill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds and flags and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have him here in a leaf. But how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange color. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was — a king-fisher, the celebrated halcyon of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the banks, and is a shy, retired bird, never to be seen far from the stream where it lives.

William. I must try to get another sight at him. I

followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. A. I suppose they were sand-pipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

William. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quick that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high, steep sandbank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were sand-martins, the smallest of our species of swallows. They are of a mouse-color above, and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

William. A little farther on I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels. While I was looking at him a heron came flying over my head, with his large, flapping wings. He lit at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry

him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill into the water and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he alighted.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks.

William. I think they are the largest wild birds we have.

Mr. A. They are of a great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small.

William. I then turned homeward and crossed the cornfields on the way to our house. I got to the high field next our house, just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson and yellow of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising. What a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found

it amusing; it has been very instructive, too. Did you see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

Robert. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

Robert. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right if you had been sent with a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is: one person walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in the different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do you, then, William, continue to use your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

SARA CREWE AND THE BEGGAR-GIRL

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

That very afternoon Sara had an opportunity of proving to herself whether she was really a princess or not. It was a dreadful afternoon. For several days it had rained continuously, the streets were chilly and sloppy; there was mud everywhere — sticky London mud — and over everything a pall of fog and drizzle. Of course there were several long and tiresome errands to be done — there always were on days like this, — and Sara was sent out again and again, until her shabby clothes were damp through.

The absurd old feathers on her forlorn hat were more draggled and absurd than ever, and her down-trodden shoes were so wet they could not hold any more water. Added to this, she had been deprived of her dinner, because Miss Minchin wished to punish her. She was very hungry. She was so cold and hungry and tired that her little face had a pinched look, and now and then some kind-hearted person passing her in the crowded street glanced at her with sympathy. But she did not know that.

She hurried on, trying to comfort herself in that queer

way of hers by pretending and "supposing," — but really this time it was harder than she had ever found it, and once or twice she thought it almost made her more cold and hungry instead of less so. But she persevered obstinately.

"Suppose I had dry clothes on," she thought.

"Suppose I had good shoes and a long, thick coat and merino stockings and a whole umbrella. And suppose — suppose, just when I was near a baker's where they sold hot buns, I should find sixpence — which belonged to nobody. Suppose, if I did, I should go into the shop and buy six of the hottest buns, and should eat them all without stopping."

Some very odd things happen in this world sometimes. It certainly was an odd thing which happened to Sara. She had to cross the street just as she was saying this to herself — the mud was dreadful — she almost had to wade. She picked her way as carefully as she could, but she could not save herself much, only, in picking her way she had to look down at her feet and the mud, and in looking down — just as she reached the pavement — she saw something shining in the gutter. A piece of silver — a tiny piece trodden upon by many feet, but still with spirit enough to shine a little. Not quite a sixpence, but the next thing to it — a four-penny piece! In one second it was in her cold, little red and blue hand.

"Oh!" she gasped. "It is true!"

And then, if you will believe me, she looked straight before her at the shop directly facing her. And it was a baker's, and a cheerful, stout, motherly woman, with rosy cheeks, was just putting into the window a tray of delicious hot buns, — large, plump, shiny buns, with currants in them.

It almost made Sara feel faint for a few seconds — the shock and the sight of the buns and the delightful odors of warm bread floating up through the baker's cellar-window.

She knew that she need not hesitate to use the little piece of money. It had evidently been lying in the mud for some time, and its owner was completely lost in the streams of passing people who crowded and jostled each other all through the day.

"But I'll go and ask the baker's woman if she has lost a piece of money," she said to herself, rather faintly.

So she crossed the pavement and put her wet foot on the step of the shop; and as she did so she saw something which made her stop.

It was a little figure more forlorn than her own — a little figure which was not much more than a bundle of rags, from which small, bare, red and muddy feet peeped out — only because the rags with which the wearer was trying to cover them were not long enough. Above the

rags appeared a shock head of tangled hair and dirty face, with big, hollow, hungry eyes.

Sara knew they were hungry eyes the moment she saw them, and she felt a sudden sympathy.

"This," she said to herself, with a little sigh, "is one of the Populace — and she is hungrier than I am."

The child — this "one of the Populace" — stared up at Sara, and shuffled herself aside a little, so as to give her more room. She was used to being made to give room to everybody. She knew that if a policeman chanced to see her, he would tell her to "move on."

Sara clutched her little four-penny piece, and hesitated a few seconds. Then she spoke to her.

"Are you hungry?" she asked.

The child shuffled herself and her rags a little more.

"Haven't you had any dinner?" said Sara.

"No dinner, no breakfast — no supper — nothing."

"Since when?" asked Sara.

"Don't know. I've asked and asked."

Just to look at her made Sara more hungry and faint. But those queer little thoughts were at work in her brain, and she was talking to herself though she was sick at heart.

"If I'm a princess," she was saying — "if I'm a princess — ! When they were poor and driven from their thrones — they always shared — with the Populace — if

BAKERY
FINE

they met one poorer and hungrier. They always shared. Buns are a penny each. If it had been sixpence! I could have eaten six. It won't be enough for either of us — but it will be better than nothing."

"Wait a minute," she said to the beggar-child. She went into the shop. It was warm and smelled delightfully. The woman was just going to put more hot buns in the window.

"If you please," said Sara, "have you lost fourpence — a silver fourpence?" And she held the forlorn little piece of money out to her.

The woman looked at it and at her — at her intense little face and draggled, once-fine clothes.

"Bless us — no," she answered. "Did you find it?"

"In the gutter," said Sara.

"Keep it, then," said the woman. "It may have been there a week, and goodness knows who lost it. You could never find out."

"I know that," said Sara, "but I thought I'd ask you."

"Not many would," said the woman, looking puzzled and interested and good-natured all at once. "Do you want to buy something?" she added, as she saw Sara glance toward the buns.

"Four buns, if you please," said Sara; "those at a penny each."

The woman went to the window and put some in a paper bag. Sara noticed that she put in six.

"I said four, if you please," she explained. "I have only the fourpence."

"I'll throw in two for make-weight," said the woman, with her good-natured look. "I dare say you can eat them some time. Aren't you hungry?"

A mist rose before Sara's eyes.

"Yes," she answered. "I am very hungry, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness, and," she was going to add, "there is a child outside who is hungrier than I am." But just at that moment two or three customers came in at once and each one seemed in a hurry, so she could only thank the woman again and go out.

The child was still huddled up on the corner of the steps. She looked frightful in her wet and dirty rags. She was staring with a stupid look of suffering straight before her, and Sara saw her suddenly draw the back of her roughened, black hand across her eyes to rub away the tears which seemed to have surprised her by forcing their way from under her lids. She was muttering to herself.

Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns, which had already warmed her cold hands a little.

"See," she said, putting the bun on the ragged lap,

"that is nice and hot. Eat it, and you will not be so hungry."

The child started and stared up at her; then she snatched up the bun and began to cram it into her mouth with great wolfish bites.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" Sara heard her say hoarsely, in wild delight.

"Oh, my!"

Sara took out three more buns and put them down.

"She is hungrier than I am," she said to herself. "She's starving." But her hand trembled when she put down the fourth bun. "I'm not starving," she said — and she put down the fifth.

The little starving London savage was still snatching and devouring when she turned away. She was too ravenous to give any thanks, even if she had been taught politeness — which she had not. She was only a poor little wild animal.

"Good-bye," said Sara.

When she reached the other side of the street she looked back. The child had a bun in both hands, and had stopped in the middle of a bite to watch her. Sara gave her a little nod, and the child, after another stare, — a curious, longing stare, — jerked her shaggy head in response, and until Sara was out of sight she did not take another bite or even finish the one she had begun.

FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
  Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
  Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
  Can change a rocky soil to gold, —
That brave and generous lives can warm
  A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
  And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
  The early and the latter rain!

DUTY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
  So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
  The youth replies, "I can."

THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

Audubon trained his eye to see in a bird what he seemed unable to discern in any of the many affairs of his life. He was not successful in business, but on a trading voyage on the Mississippi he one day saw a sight which recalled him to the fact that success lies along the line of one's inborn inclinations.

It was in February, 1814, a month which has all the splendor of spring on the Mississippi. High in the air was floating a majestic bird — sailing as it were in a purple sea. It was the true American eagle.

His heart bounded. He saw not only a magnificent monarch of the air in the bird, but an emblem of independence, of what the American Republic was and ought to be among the nations of the earth. No bird disputed his sway in the kingdom of the air.

It was this discovery that had much influence in making the eagle the emblematic bird of America. We think of Audubon when we see the bird on a shield that supports the flag.

The sight made Audubon restless to secure one of the species, and to study its plans and habits. This restless-

ness never left him until he had in his possession the monarch of birds.

One day on the Green River, while collecting crayfish, he saw the eagle again. The place was bounded by high cliffs, and he thought that its nest was likely to be there.

He hid himself at the foot of a cliff where the nest seemed likely to be, from the carefully studied spiral movement of the bird.

After some time there was the sound of descending wings in the clear air. He heard a strange hissing; the noise was that of young eaglets stretching out their necks in expectation of food.

The male bird descended with a fish in his talons, evidently unaware that he was watched.

Presently the female followed him, also bearing a fish for her young.

But her keen suspicions penetrated the shelter of the rocks below. She saw by a movement there, or a watching eye, that the nest had been discovered.

She dropped her fish and uttered a shriek of alarm.

She soared upward. Her mate followed her. Audubon was unable to scale the cliffs so as to secure the birds as specimens. But his soul was bent on capturing an American eagle. He sought for one for two years, when his watchfulness was rewarded. He held in his

possession the fierce sovereign of the sky, the noblest of its species.

What should he name it? Washington, he thought, was the truest of men, a terror to the foes of liberty, and his fame was becoming universal. "I shall call the eagle the Bird of Washington," he said.

When he had made the magnificent bird known to the public, the Bird of Washington became by common consent one of the emblems of the great republic of the West. Eagles had been used as American emblems before Audubon, but they had followed the suggestions of insignia of Rome and France. Franklin had objected to the emblem of the common eagle. The white-headed eagle of Audubon has become the bird of the shield, although it had been before made an emblem, and the common eagle had become the bird of the banners.

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.

—Edward Everett Hale.

THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing,
From morn till night;

2

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

3

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

4

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

5

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

6

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

7

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

8

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

THE CAREFUL OBSERVER

CHARLES C. COLTON

A dervish was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish. "He was," replied the merchants. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" "He had," said the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and with wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you!" "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?" "I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi; but, on the strictest search nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence what-

ever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish, with great calmness, thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert.

"I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand.

"I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was wheat on the one side; and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other."

NEWTON

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

On Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born in the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world.

Isaac's father being dead, he was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to school. In his early years Isaac was remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes manufactured by himself. With the aid of these he contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked with much skill.

There was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks; since he had made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. Besides the water-clock, he made a sundial.

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method

do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind; and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports, he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

My story would be too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he became a man. He was the first that found out the nature of light; for, before his day, nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of. You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses.

Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his room, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

Just as the destruction was completed Newton opened the chamber door and perceived that the labors of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart.

"O Diamond, Diamond," exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!"

This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterwards; but, from his conduct towards his little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown, and was made a member of Parliament, and received the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the seashore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

In 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died.

A CHINESE STORY

Christopher Pearse Cranch

Two young, near-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,
Over their chopsticks idly chattering,
Fell to disputing which could see the best;
At last, they agreed to put it to the test.
Said Chang, "A marble tablet, so I hear,
Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,
With an inscription on it. Let us go
And read it (since you boast your optics so),
Standing together at a certain place
In front, where we the letters just may trace;
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,
The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."
"Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon:
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."

"Nay, not so soon," said Chang; "I'm bound to go
To-morrow a day's ride from Hoang-Ho,
And shan't be ready till the following day:
At ten A.M., on Thursday, let us say."

So 'twas arranged; but Ching was wide-awake:
Time by the forelock he resolved to take;
And to the temple went at once, and read,
Upon the tablet, "To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,
Who read the same: but peering closer, he
Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see —
The words, "This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

So on the appointed day — both innocent
As babes, of course — these honest fellows went,
And took their distant station; and Ching said,
"I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'"
"And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang;
"I see what you have read, but furthermore,
In smaller letters, toward the temple door,
Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"

"My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!" said
Ching.
"They're there," said Chang, "if I see anything,
As clear as daylight." "Patent eyes, indeed,
You have!" cried Ching; "do you think I cannot read?"

"Not at this distance as I can," Chang said,
"If what you say you saw is all you read."

In fine, they quarrelled, and their wrath increased,
Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest;
Lo! here he comes to meet us." "It is well,"
Said honest Ching; "no falsehood he will tell."

The good man heard their artless story through,
And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few
Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear:
There's no such tablet or inscription there!
There was one, it is true; 'twas moved away
And placed within the temple yesterday."

Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule? and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams across the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year?

— TENNYSON.

BIG GAME

EUGENE MURRAY-AARON

On their way home they came back by the shores of a lagoon or salt-water pond, and the Doctor cautioned them to proceed very carefully, as they might be able to see an alligator. This was a promise of such big and exciting game, that one word of caution was all that was necessary, and they tiptoed their way along, hardly daring to breathe, and taking the utmost care to escape all dead sticks or other objects that would make a noise and announce their presence.

Suddenly the Doctor, who was in the lead, stopped, and pointing to a pile of dead sticks and leaves at one side, said, in a whisper, that it was a last season's nest, but, of course, was empty now. So they found it, but they could not see that it had been carefully made, and was a mere drift-pile, as they at first thought. But there were no alligators in sight, look as carefully as they might; at least, so both the boys assured the Doctor.

"I brought a couple of alligator eggs along in my game-pocket," the Doctor said. "Our landlady lent

them to me; they are the best sort of alligator bait, as you shall see." Saying which, he took out of his pocket two eggs somewhat larger than a hen's egg, and of a very rough porcelain-like surface and thick shell, that had been blown. Taking one of these in each hand, he began rubbing them violently together, making a hollow sound something like the clashing together of broken plates, at the same time saying:

"Watch the water over the other side, there, near that floating log."

At the very first sound, the old, water-soaked piece of timber, that was floating so deep as to be scarcely visible, turned directly towards them, and, much to the astonishment of the boys, began to approach rapidly. In a few moments it had crossed the pond, and by the time it was ready to come out on shore, the boys saw that it had the bulging eyes and saw-toothed back of an alligator, and was a much more formidable object than a stick of wood. As it came out upon the sand, the Doctor advanced toward it, with a heavy cane in his right hand, slipping the eggs into his pocket again as he did so.

"An alligator on shore is most dangerous with its tail," he remarked to the boys, who stayed behind, watching him eagerly. "Although this one is only about eight feet long, she could, probably, break my legs,

should she get a chance at them with a swish of her tail. Of course that mouth of hers would soon dispose of me in the water, by dragging me down under the surface and holding me there until I was drowned; but on land it is very easy to dodge it. With the tail, however, they are wondrously quick, and it is dangerous business getting within its reach."

As he was saying this, he advanced slowly towards the hideous-looking creature, which lay quietly facing him at the edge of the water, showing no signs of life other than one gape, which displayed a terrible array of teeth in a mouth that appeared to be quite one-third its whole length. Whether it realized that alligator eggs were out of season, or whether it saw something dangerous in the Doctor's eyes, it did not wait for him to get to it, but turning slowly, slid off into the water.

"Well, she was a coward!" laughed the Doctor. "But that wouldn't end quite so pleasantly on some Amazonian waters, for instance. There, I once found a nest with seventeen eggs in it, and though I handled them with the greatest care, — for I did not wish to attract the mother, — I knocked two of them together slightly, and in a jiffy was confronted with an alligator over fifteen feet long and as full of fight as a cross bull. Fortunately I had a rifle with me; so its skin is now in the Museum at Berlin."

"What do they make nests for? they don't sit on their eggs to hatch them, do they?" asked Harry.

"No, they depend on the sun's heat; but the nest serves to raise the eggs from the damp ground and, no doubt, the leaves add to the heat by their decaying. They usually lay about twenty eggs, and it is safe to say that where there is a nest there is always a mother alligator near enough to hear the peculiar noise made by the eggs rubbing together. Many animals like alligator's eggs; some monkeys take them up into trees and drop them so far that they break, after which they descend and eat the contents. But it takes a crafty and quick animal to get away with more than one from a nest before the watchful mother appears."

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

William Howitt

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! Now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch ran each with a prize.
Then away to the field it went blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows,
Till offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulky and mute.

So it went capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;

Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow."
And it made them bow without more ado
Or it cracked their branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps.
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.

But the wind passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain,
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

WIDOW WIGGINS' WONDERFUL CAT

EDWARD EGGLESTON

Widow Wiggins was a wee, wiry, weird woman, with a wonderful cat — a very wonderful cat, indeed! The neighbors all said it was bewitched. Perhaps it was; I don't know; but a very wonderful cat it was. It had a strange way of knowing, when people were talking, whether what they said was right or wrong. If people said what they ought not to say, wee Widow Wiggins' wonderful cat would mew. Perhaps the cat had lived so long with the wee, wiry, weird woman, who was one of the best in the world, that it had got her dislike to things that were wrong. But the wee widow's neighbors were afraid of that cat.

When Mrs. Vine, a very vile, vinegar-tongued, vixenish virago, abused her neighbors to the wee, wiry, weird woman, the Widow Wiggins' wonderful cat would mew. And so the vile, vixenish virago wished the cat was dead. And when a slender, slim, slippery Sly Slick, Esq., tried to persuade the widow to swindle her neighbor, the cat mewed furiously. And so it came that Mr. Slick did not like the wee widow's wonderful cat. In fact, he said it was a nuisance. And Tilda Tattle, the tire-

some-tongued, town tale-bearer, could not abide the cat, because it mewed all the time she was tattling.

And so it happened that good Deacon Pettibone and his wife, who was even better than the deacon, were about the only visitors the wee, weird Widow Wiggins had. As the deacon never said any harm of anybody, and as the deacon's wife never thought any harm, and as the wee, wiry woman never felt any harm, the cat would lie stretched out on the hearth all day while these three good people talked.

But though the deacon was good, and his wife was better, yet the deacon's oldest son was not the boy he ought to have been. Somehow or other, as it will happen sometimes, he listened to everybody but his father and his mother. Bad company led him astray. At first the deacon did not suspect him; but when he showed signs of having been drinking, the deacon was very severe. I am afraid there was not enough of kindness in the father's severity. At any rate, after awhile, Tom was told that if he repeated the offence, he must go from home. Tom had got to be a hard boy. The deacon felt greatly provoked. But when a boy shows that he is not able to overcome temptation while he is at home, I am not sure that he will be any better if he is sent by himself. I don't think that helps it. But Tom was bad, and so he had no right to complain. He yielded to temptation, and was sent away, his

father telling him that he should never come back again. Deacon Pettibone thought he was doing right, but I am afraid he was angry.

Well, when Tom got away, he did not get any better. He went down faster. At last his health broke down. He thought of home as he walked around hardly able to stand up. But the deacon would not ask him back, nor would he encourage him even by a kind look to ask to be taken back again. The deacon's wife tried to persuade him. She cried. But the deacon said he must not break his word. His wife told him that a rash word ought to be broken where it did others harm. The deacon's wife grew sick, and the vile, vinegar-tongued, vixenish virago said that the deacon was an old brute. The tattling, tiresome-tongued town tale-bearer talked about a good many things that she *might* say, if she wanted to, and she did say that the deacon and his wife did not get on like angels. But the wee, wiry, weird Widow Wiggins watched wearily by the bedside of the sick Mrs. Pettibone. And still Deacon Pettibone refused to break his word, though he was breaking his wife's heart, and breaking God's command, and ruining his son.

At last the sick mother, longing for her son, thought of a plan by which to bring her husband to reason.

"Fetch your cat over the next time you come," she said to the wee, wiry widow.

And so when the wee, weird Widow Wiggins came again, the wonderful cat followed her and lay down by the stove. Soon after, the deacon came in, looking very sad but very stern.

"Did you see Tom?" asked his wife.

"No, I didn't," said the deacon, "and I don't want to."

"Mew!" said the cat.

The deacon noticed the cat, and got a little red in the face; but he went on talking.

"I tell you what, wife, Tom has made his bed and he must lie on it, that's all!"

"Mew! mew! mew!"

"I can't break my word, anyhow; I said he shouldn't come back, and he shan't; so now there's no use in pining yourself to death over a scapegrace."

"Mew! mew! mew! m-e-e-o-w!" shrieked the cat, with every bristle on end, and her claws scratching the floor.

"Mrs. Wiggins, I wish you would keep that miserable cat at home," said the deacon; and so the wee widow took up the wonderful cat and carried it home.

But the poor deacon couldn't rest. That night he thought he could hear that cat mewing at him all the time. He remembered that he had not seen Tom for some days. What if he were dying? It was a long night. The deacon at last got to thinking of the touching and wonderful Parable of the Prodigal. And then in

the stillness he thought he could hear something in his heart mewing at him.

At last daylight came, and he hastened to find Tom, in a wretched garret, racked with disease. He brought him home tenderly, and Tom got well both in his body and in his soul.

INGRATITUDE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
  As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
  Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
  As friend remembered not.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
  Their giant branches tossed:

And the heavy night hung dark
  The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
  In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
  And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

THE BOYHOOD OF FRANKLIN

WILBUR F. GORDY

The next day, which was Sunday, they reached Philadelphia, and young Franklin, poorly clad and travel-soiled, with only a little money in his pocket, was making his way alone through the streets of Philadelphia. But he was cheerful and full of hope. His health was strong, and he was hungry for his breakfast. Going to a baker's shop, he bought three large rolls, and, his pockets being already stuffed with shirts and stockings, he tucked one roll under each arm, and walked up Market Street eating the third.

His ludicrous appearance afforded much amusement to a certain Deborah Read, who stood at the door of her father's house as he passed by. Little did she think that this strange-looking fellow would one day become the greatest man in Philadelphia and even in Pennsylvania. Little did she think that one day, not many years after that morning, she would become his wife. Both of these things came to pass.

Having eaten as much as he wished, he continued up the street, giving the two other rolls to a woman and a child who had come on the boat with him.

In a short time he found work with one of the two master-printers in Philadelphia. One day, while at work in the printing-office, he received a call from Sir William Keith, governor of Pennsylvania. Governor Keith's attention had been directed to this seventeen-year-old youth by Franklin's brother-in-law, and he called on this occasion to urge him to start a printing-press of his own.

When Franklin said he had not the money to buy a printing-press and type, the governor offered to write a letter for Franklin to take to his father in Boston, asking him to furnish the loan. The following spring Franklin took the letter to his father, but the father refused to lend him the money.

Upon Franklin's return to Philadelphia Governor Keith advised him to go to England to select the printing-press and other things necessary for the business outfit, promising to provide funds. Franklin took him at his word, and sailed for London, expecting to secure the money upon his arrival there. But the faithless governor failed to keep his word, and Franklin was again stranded in a strange city.

Without friends and without money he once more found work in a printing-office, where he remained during the two years of his stay in London. Here, in his manliness and strength, he was very different from the printers with whom he worked. They spent much of their money

in beer-drinking, and when Franklin refused to drink with them, they made fun of him by calling him a water-American. But the young man who had lived upon a simple diet in order to buy books was not disturbed by such taunts.

After two years he returned to Philadelphia, where, four years later, he married Miss Read. In the meantime he had set up in the printing business for himself, but in so doing had to carry a heavy debt. He worked early and late to pay it off, sometimes making his own ink and casting his own type. He would also at times go with a wheelbarrow to bring to the printing-office the paper he needed.

His wife assisted him by selling stationery in his shop as well as by saving in the household, where the furnishings and food were very simple. Franklin's usual breakfast was milk and bread, which he ate out of a wooden porringer with a pewter spoon. In time, when their money was more plentiful, his wife gave him a china bowl and a silver spoon. On observing how hard Franklin worked, people said: "There is a man who will surely succeed. Let us help him."

In all these years of struggle Franklin was cheerful and light-hearted. This was no doubt largely owing to his natural disposition, but in part also to his healthful reading habits, which took him into a world outside of

himself. No matter where he was or what the stress of his business, he found time to read and improve himself. He also adopted rules of conduct, some of which, in substance, are: Be temperate; speak honestly; be orderly about your work; do not waste anything; never be idle; when you decide to do anything, do it with a brave heart.

Some of the wisest things Franklin ever said appeared in his Almanac, which he called "Poor Richard's Almanac." Beginning when he was twenty-six years of age, he published it yearly for twenty-five years, building up a very large circulation. It contained homely maxims, which are as good to-day as they were in Franklin's time. Here are a few of them:

"God helps them that help themselves."

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"There are no gains without pains."

"Little strokes fell great oaks."

"Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee."

NOBILITY

ALICE CARY

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good,— not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in blindess,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure,—
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren;
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

* * * * *

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing that it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
  Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing; and doing
  As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
  Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,—
  Our part is to work and to wait.

And slight is the sting of his trouble
  Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
  Whatever his fortune or birth.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

— TENNYSON.

OLD JESSIE'S CHRISTMAS

Anna Harris Smith

I

The hour for closing school had struck and still the boys and girls in Miss Martin's schoolroom lingered in their seats. Miss Martin was talking to them and they were listening with great interest. She was saying:

"Our Christmas collection is much larger than it was last year. We had a tree, a little feast, and a good time then, and we can do it on the same amount this year. You have a chance to vote what we shall do with the ten dollars we have left. Who will make a motion?"

There was silence for a minute; then "What do you think we would better do with the money?" asked one of the boys.

Miss Martin looked at her little school without speaking for a moment, then she said: "There is an old Christmas story, children, that you all know. It is the story of what is called through the Christian world the first Christmas, and that Christmas was celebrated in a stable among the cattle. Yet how few of us ever think

to make these lowly friends of ours happier on Christmas day. Who of you has tried to share a little of the Christmas joy with your useful, faithful friends, the horse, the dog, the cat?"

Hands went up, and Miss Martin called on Mary Prentiss first. Mary said:

"I always have something on the tree for my cat Flossy. Last Christmas she had a new cushion to lie on and a bag of catnip."

Then Robert Graves spoke: "Papa let me give our horse Fanny an extra feed and a new blanket."

It was now Alice Maynard's turn. "We always give our animals a little feast and some presents they can play with," she said. "We had great fun last year with a little toy that we could wind up, and the cat and dog both chased it and played with it."

"I am glad to hear this," said Miss Martin, "for now I am sure of some help in my plan for Christmas. I am going to ask you to help make a poor, suffering animal happy on Christmas day. I will tell you my plan. Perhaps some of you have noticed lately an old, wretched-looking horse that a rag and junk peddler drives through the village to the city every day."

Nearly a dozen hands went up and voices broke out in excited tones: "I have seen him." "And I." "So have I."

"I see this man every afternoon after I go home from here," Miss Martin said, "and I spoke to him once about his horse. He answered me very unpleasantly and said, 'My horse is all right. I feed her, but she is one of the poor kind. You can't prove that I don't feed her.' The poor old creature looks thinner and weaker every day. Some nights she can hardly crawl along, and her master always has a whip in his hand. Yesterday she seemed very lame. Now what do you say to buying this horse and giving her a happy Christmas?"

"Oh, let us do it!" cried the children almost as one voice.

"A kind farmer has offered to keep the horse for us until we decide what is best to do for her. When the peddler drives home the day before Christmas, Mr. Prentiss will call him into his yard and offer him some old iron he has there, then he will try to buy the horse, and if he succeeds, will have her taken out of the wagon at once. Mr. Prentiss has invited us all there to our Christmas tree, you know, so we can join in giving a Christmas greeting to poor old Jessie. Do you all like this plan?"

Every hand was raised, and eager boys and girls began to tell how they would try to make poor Jessie comfortable and happy again. Then school was dismissed.

II

It was the day before Christmas. Great preparations had been going on at the large, cheerful farm-house for the Christmas party. The boys had set up a tree in the parlor. Some of the older girls had dressed it. The mothers had bountifully supplied a table with the good things that young people enjoy. All the guests were there, when about five o'clock an old wagon, drawn by a thin, limping horse, appeared at the foot of the hill. The horse dreaded the hill; that was plainly to be seen. Poor old Jessie, her trembling legs almost failing her, stopped at the foot of the hill, and if she could have spoken in our language she would have said: "I cannot crawl up this steep hill; it is slippery. I am badly shod and lame. Besides I am all tired out, and when I get to the end of my journey, I have only a cold shelter and a little poor hay and ice-cold water. I wish I could lie right down here and die." But her owner gave her a cut with the whip, and with another great effort she started up the hill. The eager faces watching behind curtains grew sad, and Robert Prentiss cried out: "I won't stand this; I'm going to tell that man what I think of him."

"If you make him angry, we can't get the horse," said wise little Mary.

The Prentiss house was halfway up the hill. Waiting outside, well wrapped up, for it was a bitterly cold night, was Mr. Prentiss; and as the horse slowly and painfully was limping by he hailed the man.

"Hold on. I've got something you may like."

The man stopped, and at Mr. Prentiss's motion drove into the yard.

"I've a pile of old iron in my barn. It's worth considerable, for there is a pretty good stove with it. Want to look at it?" The men went into the barn. Several of the boys, too eager to wait, stole out of the house, watched by twenty pairs of eyes from windows up stairs and down. The boys looked into the wagon in vain for a blanket to cover the trembling old horse, who stood with drooping head, first lifting one foot, then another, in a poor attempt at rest. "No matter," Robert whispered to them, "father will get her. He never fails; then we'll fix her up fine."

The men came out of the barn. "Look here," said Mr. Prentiss, "your horse is not fit to travel another step. She's too old or too weak for your work anyway. I hate to see a horse like this in harness. Now we would like to give you and your family and this old horse a merry Christmas. You say you've had hard luck. Well, I'll give you the stove and the old iron and a five-dollar bill, and you give me the old horse.

I will lend you one of my horses to take you home with your load."

The man hesitated. "Give me ten and I'll do it," he said.

"Your horse isn't worth five," Mr. Prentiss said, "but I'll give you what I said, and I'll add a bag of good corn meal, a bushel of potatoes, and a load of wood for a Christmas gift to your wife and send them to you to-morrow morning."

"I'll take her out," said the man slowly, eying the horse curiously, as if a new thought had come to him.

"Work lively," said Mr. Prentiss, "it is cold." At the first word half a dozen boys and a few girls appeared. In an astonishingly short time the old horse was taken out and led into a wide stall, where two of the boys with gentle hands began rubbing her tired legs. If ever a horse expressed by grateful looks her pleasure, poor old Jessie did, as she turned her dim eyes first to one side, then to the other, and rubbed her poor old nose against her benefactors.

Two more boys, under Mr. Prentiss's direction, prepared a warm mash for her supper, another fixed her straw bedding, and two of the girls stood ready to cover her with a good blanket they had insisted on warming, to Mr. Prentiss's secret amusement.

The peddler stood looking on in great surprise. What

did it all mean, this care for a poor old horse that he thought was not worth her feed? But as Mr. Prentiss purposely delayed getting him off, the man began to understand that it meant kindness, a fair return for faithful labor, and tender thought for the helpless creature that had suffered so, and even to his blinded vision the gratitude of the cold, hungry, tired horse was apparent.

As he was driven into his yard up to the miserable shed, through every crack of which the cold wind was whistling, and as he opened it to leave his wagon, he was ashamed to have Mr. Prentiss see that he had taken no pains to give his horse a comfortable shelter; ashamed of the narrow, dirty stall with no bed in it and no blanket but a thin piece of ragged carpeting. He knew that he had been quite able to make his faithful helper far more comfortable, and inwardly he determined to make his shed snug and warm before he put another horse in it, to widen the stall, and to take better care of his horse in every way.

In Mr. Prentiss's snug stable, in a roomy stall, Jessie was eating her warm mash with the eagerness of starvation, and a happy group of children took turns in getting as near as possible to enjoy seeing her eat. Now and then she would stop a second and look around as if to say, "Am I dreaming?" then rub her nose on the nearest boy in affectionate gratitude.

At last the mothers summoned the children to the house, but amid all the joy of feasting and Christmas gifts nothing gave the guests such pure and deep happiness as the thought of the old horse who had served mankind faithfully all her life, and now through their means was going to be tenderly cared for as long as she was able to take comfort in living.

AT MORNING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

CLOVER

JOHN B. TABB

Little masters, hat in hand
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me — for I long to know —
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned, three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green?

Can ye, — if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed, —
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

Little masters, may I stand
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?

LITTLE WARRIOR'S COUNSEL

George Bird Grinnell

Most of the Pawnee heroes are so regarded because of victories, daring deeds, the *coups* they have counted, and the horses they have stolen. The glory of Comanche Chief and of Lone Chief depends mainly on their bravery, rather than on the fact that they were peacemakers. Yet there should be room among these stories for the account of an educated Pawnee — a brave — who by his wise counsel to an Indian of a hostile tribe saved many lives, both of Indians and white men. Little Warrior was educated at a Western college, but has shown his bravery on the field, and has sacrificed a scalp to Ti-ra-wa.

In the year 1879, at the time of the Ute outbreak, after Major Thornburgh's command had been annihilated, Little Warrior was employed as a scout for the troops. On the head waters of the Arkansas River he was one day scouting in advance of the command, in company with four white soldiers and four Indian scouts. This day the party saw far off on the prairie an Indian, who showed a white flag and came toward them. When he had come near to them, the soldiers proposed to kill him and report that he was a Ute, one of the Indians that they were looking for.

But Little Warrior said: "No. He has a white flag up, and it may be that he is carrying a despatch, or perhaps he is a white man disguised as an Indian."

When the man had come close to them, they saw that he was dressed like a Comanche; he did not have the bristling fringe of hair over the forehead that the Utes wear, and his side-locks were unbraided. Little Warrior asked him, by signs, if he was alone, to which he replied in the same language that he was alone. Then Little Warrior inquired who he was. The stranger made the sign for Comanche — a friendly tribe.

They took him into the camp, and after a while Little Warrior began to talk to him in Comanche. He could not understand a word of it.

Then the Pawnee said to him, "My friend, you are a Ute." The stranger acknowledged that he was.

Then Little Warrior talked to him, and gave him much good advice. He said: "My friend, you and I have the same skin, and what I tell you now is for your good. I speak to you as a friend, and what I say to you now is so that you may save your women and your children. It is of no use for you to try to fight the white people. I have been among them, and I know how many they are. They are like the grass. Even if you were to kill a hundred, it would be nothing. It would be like burning up a few handfuls of prairie grass. There would be just

as many left. If you try to fight them, they will hunt you like a ghost. Wherever you go, they will follow after you, and you will get no rest. The soldiers will be continually on your tracks. Even if you were to go up on the top of a high mountain, where there was nothing but rocks, and where no one else could come, the soldiers would follow you, and get around you, and wait, and wait, even for fifty years. They would have plenty to eat, and they could wait until after you were dead. There is one white man who is the chief of all this country, and what he says must be done. It is no use to fight him.

"Now if you are wise you will go out and get all your people, and bring them in, on to the reservation, and give yourself up. It will be better for you in the end. I speak to you as a friend, because we are both the same color, and I hope that you will listen to my words."

The Ute said, "My friend, your words are good, and I thank you for the friendly advice you have given me. I will follow it and will agree to go away and bring in my people."

Little Warrior said, "How do you make a promise?"

The Ute said, "By raising the right hand to One above."

Little Warrior said, "That is the custom also among my people."

The Ute raised his hand and made the promise.

After he had been detained two or three weeks he was

allowed to go, and about a month afterward he brought in the band of which he was chief, and surrendered. Through his influence afterward the whole tribe came in and gave themselves up. He was grateful to Little Warrior for what he had done for him, and told him that if he ever came back into his country, he would give him many ponies.

THE GREENWOOD TREE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie in the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

TO A BUTTERFLY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless! — not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coins consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings.

The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam-shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bankbills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous and their trade

one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and the silver hilts of swords that had figured at court — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each shilling had the date, 1652, on one side, and the figure of a pine tree stamped on the other. Hence, they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling.

And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter — whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey — was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself.

With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. "Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way; "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding-day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all

the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat, and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids, and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as grocers used for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Miss Betsey — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his men servants, "bring that box hither." The box was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest. The servants could not lift it, and were obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold, it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master

resuming his seat in grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

— Byron.

THE CORN SONG

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
  The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
  Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
  Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
  Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
  Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
  Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
  The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
  Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
  Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
  Its harvest-time has come;
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
  And bear the treasure home.

When the snows about us drift,
  And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
  And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
  Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk
  By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
  Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
  And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
  Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
  Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
  Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
  The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
  The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
  Send up our thanks to God!

A SONG

ROBERT BROWNING

All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly He trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work — God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.

LETITIA AND THE REDCOATS

LILLIAN PRICE

I

Dame Wright had just taken the last loaves from the oven.

A patter of flying feet sounded outside, the door was flung hastily open, and a little girl in a long blue cloak came running in. Letitia's eyes were wide open with surprise and terror, and before the astonished dame could comment on her appearance, she gasped out:

"Oh, grandmother, the British are crossing Orange Valley and Master Paxton saith they will come here at nightfall! He saith thou and grandfather must hasten to depart at once. Thou shalt have two of his horses and accompany him to the huts on the mountain side."

"Neighbor Paxton is a kindly man. Calm thyself, Letitia. When thou hast thy breath, run to the mill, child, and bid thy grandfather come. Alas! for these troublous times when the aged and children flee before the march of strong men!"

With a sad, anxious face she began preparations to leave, while Letitia, hurriedly pulling her hood over her curls, sped down the path toward the mill. She met her

grandfather coming homeward. He was old, feeble, and bent; clad in homespun.

"Letitia," he said, as she trotted along at his side, "vex not thy grandmother this day with foolish terrors, but lend thy help like the milking little handmaiden that thou art, and remember that all things come from the hand of the Lord."

Letitia glanced up at his face.

"But will not the Redcoats spoil the house of goods and furniture, perhaps burn thy dear home, grandfather, and thou an old man without sons, and grandfather, too, so old?"

"I know not, my daughter. So far the Lord hath spared my gray hair, though this war hath taken the five boys, my five brave lads!" His voice shook. "But thou must be brave, Letitia. Thou art our one ewe lamb."

"I will, then, grandfather. Not another tear will I shed."

They entered the yard, bright with violet-sprinkled-grass, and found Dame Wright busily packing what she could into secret places, and piling up household treasures for burial in the woods. Letitia flitted hither and yon all day, her nimble little feet and clever head saving the old people much worry and fatigue. She was kneeling in a roomy closet upstairs, searching out her grandmother's cloak, when her bright eyes fell on her grand-

father's inkhorn and quill pen lying on some deep blue paper.

The ink and paper were a suggestion. Slowly and thoughtfully her fingers guided the goosefeather across one sheet and then across another. When the task was finished, Letitia raised her flushed face and surveyed the result with satisfaction. The letter ran:

To the Redcoats: I am Letitia Wright, aged fourteen, who lives in this house with my grandparents. They are old and feeble folk, gentle and peaceful to friend and foe. I pray you, dear Redcoats, spare their home to them, and do not burn nor ruin our house. Perhaps thou hast a little maid like me in England, and old parents. Thou couldst not burn the roof from over their heads, and in such pity and mercy, spare ours! We leave thee much to eat, and would leave thee more were our store larger.

Letitia Wright.

This was neatly written on both papers, and Letitia, tucking them into her pocket, slipped off to her duties with a brighter heart. The last preparations were soon made, and they started to join the little cavalcade already in line to travel up the side of Orange Mountain to the log huts built there, in readiness for such invasions as this.

"Alas, my geese!" exclaimed Letitia, when they had turned their backs on the low white house. "My geese are still in the pen, grandmother! Let me hasten back and turn them loose."

Permission was given her, and away she darted to the

goose-pen. There were her snow-white geese and the gray gander. They were Letitia's particular pride and care and knew her well; but only stopping to stroke one smooth back, she opened the wicket and drove them honking and hissing into the woods. Then she pulled the papers from her pocket, and hastily slipping one below the kitchen door she fastened the other on the front-door knocker. Then she rejoined her grandparents and was soon mounted behind her grandfather in the procession which wound slowly up the rough mountain road to safety.

II

At sunset the British reached the village. The peaceful quiet and neatness of the Wright homestead was invaded by the stamp of heavy boots and the chink of spurs.

One of the officers soon found and read the note that Letitia had left under the knocker, while a private spelled out the other in the kitchen. Colonel Ross looked thoughtfully at the note and his stern face softened.

"Thou art a bold little lass, and a loyal one," he muttered. "Thou must take us for fiends to destroy thy home after this."

His thoughts drifted to his England home, his own little lass. There was a heart under that terrible red jacket.

Striding into the kitchen, he found a knot of men

commenting on the other letter, and his order soon went forth that no pillage except for necessary food was to be indulged in, and no damage was to be done to goods or furniture.

Just as the men, hungry and tired, were searching for supper, along the brook came Letitia's geese toward their pen. A shout welcomed them, and they were quickly seized and despatched, — all but the gander. One young soldier had a knife raised to kill this squawking fowl, when he paused suddenly. "Mistress Letitia, since this bird may be thine, I'll spare him out of courtesy," he said gayly, as he popped the old gander into the open pen. "He will make thee a good roast, ere thou canst refill thy empty larder." So the gander escaped with his life.

Next night, at sunset, the bugles blew the marching signal. In the little huts in the forest there was anxious watching for the red light of burning homes. But the night fell and waned and not a glimmer shone. Early next morning the little band returned to the village.

Letitia's little heart beat with thankfulness. As they came to their own door, she saw the solitary gander.

"Alas, for the rest of the flock!" cried Dame Wright. "But what has the fowl on its neck! Such a burden I never saw on a gander before."

Letitia sprang forward and kneeling down, took off a little bag and a slip of paper. The bag clinked with coin.

and a dimpled smile broke on her face as she read what was written on the slip.

"Listen, grandmother and dear grandfather!" she cried, gleefully:

"Sweet Mistress Wright,
We bid you good-night,
'Tis time for us soldiers to wander.
We've paid for your geese,
A penny apiece,
And left the change with the gander.

"Though Redcoats we be,
You plainly will see,
We know how to grant a petition.
With rough soldiers' care,
We've endeavored to spare
Your homes in a decent condition."

It was signed by the colonel and by a number of the soldiers. Then in reply to her grandparents' astonished questions, she told them about her petition.

"It is as thou declared, grandfather," she said as she tossed some corn to the gander. "The Lord's hand stayed that of the enemy, and perhaps," stopping to pick a violet, while a sweet look came into her face, "the Redcoats have hearts like ours."

"Aye, and obedient daughters to touch them to good deeds," said Dame Wright, as she lovingly kissed Letitia's upturned face.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Samuel Woodworth

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips;
And now, far removed from thy loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

— Gray.

ARTHUR'S PRAYER

THOMAS HUGHES

The schoolboys went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to one another in whispers; while the older, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had never clearly crossed his mind before and was as painful as it was strange to him.

He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed, talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-hand-stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear; the noise went on.

It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he did not ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and of the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his boots, so that his back was toward Arthur, and he did not see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver.

Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"What do you mean by that, Brown?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never you mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping

on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth form came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old servant, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual

"Good night, gentlemen."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom.

For some time his excitement and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, and his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father before he had laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died, in the schoolhouse at least, the rule was the other way.

But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom that for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God!

How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to

him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night.

Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip.

Several times he faltered, for the tempter showed him, first, all his friends calling him "Saint," and "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motive would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number.

And then came the more subtle temptation: "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public, at least, I should go on as I have done?"

However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept,—tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed, and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say, — the bell mocked him; he was listening to every whisper in the room, — what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees.

At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with the glimmering of another lesson in his heart, — the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid a throng.

Past the woman, so cold and gray,
Hastened some children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,—
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

LEWIS CARROLL

Alice ran a little way into the wood, and stopped under a large tree. "Here's somebody's shawl being blown away," she said, and she caught it as she spoke, and looked about for the owner; in another moment the White Queen came running wildly through the wood, with both arms stretched out wide, as if she were flying, and Alice very civilly went to meet her with the shawl.

"I'm very glad to be in the way," Alice said, as she helped her to put on the shawl again.

The White Queen only looked at her in a helpless, frightened sort of way, and Alice felt that if there was to be any conversation at all, she must manage it herself. So she began rather timidly, "Am I addressing the White Queen?"

"Well, yes, if you call that a-dressing," the Queen said. "It isn't my notion of the thing, at all."

Alice smiled and said, "If your Majesty will only tell me the right way to begin, I'll do it as well as I can."

"But I don't want it done at all!" groaned the poor Queen. "I've been a-dressing myself for the last two hours."

It would have been all the better, as it seemed to

Alice, if she had got some one else to dress her; she was so dreadfully untidy. "Every single thing's crooked," Alice thought to herself, "and she's all over pins! — May I put your shawl straight for you?" she added aloud.

"I don't know what's the matter with it!" the Queen said in a melancholy voice. "It's out of temper, I think. I've pinned it here, and I've pinned it there, but there's no pleasing it!"

"It can't go straight, you know, if you pin it all on one side," Alice said, as she gently put it right for her; "and, dear me, what a state your hair is in!"

"The brush has got entangled in it!" the Queen said with a sigh. "And I lost the comb yesterday."

Alice carefully released the brush, and did her best to get the hair into order. "Come, you look better now!" she said, after altering most of the pins. "But really you should have a lady's-maid!"

"I'm sure I'll take you with pleasure!" the Queen said. "Twopence a week, and jam every other day."

Alice couldn't help laughing, as she said, "I don't want you to hire me — and I don't care for jam."

"It's very good jam," said the Queen.

"Well, I don't want any to-day, at any rate."

"You couldn't have it if you did want it," the Queen said. "The rule is, jam to-morrow and jam yesterday — but never jam to-day."

"It must come sometimes to 'jam to-day,'" Alice objected.

"No, it can't," said the Queen. "It's jam every other day; to-day isn't any other day, you know."

"I don't understand you," said Alice. "It's dreadfully confusing."

"That's the effect of living backwards," the Queen said kindly; "it always makes one a little giddy at first —"

"Living backwards!" Alice repeated in great astonishment. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"— but there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways."

"I'm sure mine only works one way," Alice remarked. "I can't remember things before they happen."

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards," the Queen remarked.

"What sort of things do you remember best?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Oh, things that happened the week after next," the Queen replied in a careless tone. "For instance, now," she went on, sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger as she spoke, "there's the King's Messenger. He's in prison now, being punished, and the trial doesn't begin till next Wednesday, and of course the trial comes last of all."

"Suppose he never commits the crime?" said Alice.

"That would be all the better, wouldn't it?" the Queen said, as she bound the plaster round her finger with a bit of ribbon.

Alice felt there was no denying that. "Of course it would be all the better," she said; "but it wouldn't be all the better — his being punished."

"You're wrong there, at any rate," said the Queen. "Were you ever punished?"

"Only for faults," said Alice.

"And you were all the better for it, I know!" the Queen said triumphantly.

"Yes, but then I had done the things I was punished for," said Alice; "that makes all the difference."

"But if you hadn't done them," the Queen said, "that would have been better still; better, and better, and better!" Her voice went higher with each "better," till it got quite to a squeak at last.

Alice was just beginning to say, "There's a mistake somewhere —," when the Queen began screaming, so loud that she had to leave the sentence unfinished. "Oh, oh, oh!" shouted the Queen, shaking her hand about as if she wanted to shake it off. "My finger's bleeding! Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

Her screams were so exactly like the whistle of a steam engine that Alice had to hold both her hands over her ears.

"What is the matter?" she said, as soon as there was a chance of making herself heard. "Have you pricked your finger?"

"I haven't pricked it yet," the Queen said, "but I soon shall — oh, oh, oh!"

"When do you expect to do it?" Alice asked, feeling very much inclined to laugh.

"When I fasten my shawl again," the poor Queen groaned out; "the brooch will come undone directly. Oh, oh!" As she said the words the brooch flew open, and the Queen clutched wildly at it, and tried to clasp it again.

"Take care!" cried Alice. "You're holding it all crooked!" And she caught at the brooch. But it was too late; the pin had slipped, and the Queen had pricked her finger.

"That accounts for the bleeding, you see," she said to Alice with a smile. "Now you understand the way things happen here."

"But why don't you scream now?" Alice asked, holding her hands ready to put over her ears again.

"Why, I've done all the screaming already," said the Queen. "What would be the good of having it all over again?"

By this time it was getting light. "The crow must have flown away, I think," said Alice. "I'm glad it's gone."

"I wish I could manage to be glad!" the Queen said.

"Only I never can remember the rule. You must be very happy, living in this wood, and being glad whenever you like!"

"Only it's so very lonely here!" Alice said in a melancholy voice; and at the thought of her loneliness two large tears came rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, don't go on like that!" cried the poor Queen, wringing her hands in despair. "Consider what a great girl you are. Consider what a long way you've come to-day. Consider what o'clock it is. Consider anything, only don't cry!"

Alice could not help from laughing at this, even in the midst of her tears. "Can you keep from crying by considering things?" she asked.

"That's the way it's done," the Queen said with great decision; "nobody can do two things at once, you know. Let's consider your age to begin with — how old are you?"

"I'm seven and a half exactly."

"You needn't say 'exactually,' the Queen remarked; "I can believe it without that. Now I'll give you something to believe. I'm just one hundred and one, five months, and a day."

"I can't believe that!" said Alice.

"Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again; draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said; "one can't believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. There goes that shawl again!"

The brooch had come undone as she spoke, and a sudden gust of wind blew the Queen's shawl across a little brook. The Queen spread out her arms again, and went flying after it, and this time she succeeded in catching it for herself. "I've got it!" she cried in a triumphant tone. "Now you shall see me pin it on again, all by myself!"

"Then I hope your finger is better now?" Alice said very politely, as she crossed the little brook after the Queen.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

—H. W. Longfellow.

THE SINGING LESSON

JEAN INGELOW

A nightingale made a mistake;
  She sang a few notes out of tune;
Her heart was ready to break,
  And she hid away from the moon.
She wrung her claws, poor thing!
  But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
  And pretended to be asleep.

* * * * *

"Oh, nightingale," cooed a dove —
  "Oh, nightingale, what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
  Why behave like a goose?
Don't sulk away from our sight,
  Like a common, contemptible fowl;
You bird of joy and delight,
  Why behave like an owl?

"Only think of all you have done,
  Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
  From such a bird as you.

Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak;
Other birds have to do their best —
You need only to speak."

The nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass;
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The nightingale did not care;
She only sang to the skies;
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people that stood below
She knew but little about;
And this story's a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

THE FORGING OF BALMUNG

James Baldwin

While Siegfried was still young, his father sent him to live with a smith called Mimer, whose smithy was among the hills not far from the great forest. This smith Mimer was a wonderful master, — the wisest and most cunning that the world had ever seen. Men said that he was so exceeding old that no one could remember the day when he came to dwell in the land of Siegfried's people. Some said, too, that he was the keeper of a wonderful well, or flowing spring, the waters of which imparted wisdom and far-seeing knowledge to all who drank of them.

To Mimer's school, then, where he would be taught to work skilfully and to think wisely, Siegfried was sent. A coarse blue blouse and heavy leggings and a leathern apron took the place of the costly clothing which he had

worn in his father's dwelling. On his feet were wooden sandals, and his head was covered with a wolfskin cap. The rich food to which he had been used gave place to the coarsest and humblest fare. But the lad did not complain. The days which he passed in the smithy were mirthful and happy; and the sound of his hammer rang cheerfully, and the sparks from his forge flew briskly, from morning till night.

And a wonderful smith he became. No one could do more work than he, and none wrought with greater skill. The heaviest chains and the strongest bolts, for prison or for treasure-house, were but as toys in his stout hands, so easily and quickly did he beat them into shape. Ornaments of gold and silver were fashioned into beautiful forms by his deft fingers.

One morning the master, Mimer, came to the smithy with a troubled look upon his face. Never, until lately, had any one questioned Mimer's right to be called the foremost smith in all the world; but now a rival had come forward. An unknown upstart — one Amilias, a giant of Burgundy — had made a suit of armor, which, he boasted, no stroke of sword could dent and no blow of spear could scratch. He had sent a challenge to all other smiths, to equal that piece of workmanship, or else acknowledge themselves his vassals. For many days had Mimer himself toiled, trying to forge a sword whose edge

the boasted armor of Amilias could not foil; and now, in despair, he came to ask the help of his pupils and apprentices.

"Who among you is skilful enough to forge such a sword?" he asked.

One after another, the pupils shook their heads. Then the lad Siegfried quickly said: "I will make such a sword as you want, — a blade that no war coat can foil. Give me but leave to try!"

The other pupils laughed in scorn, but Mimer checked them. "You hear how this boy can talk; we will see what he can do. He is the king's son, and we know that he has uncommon talent. He shall make the sword; but if, upon trial, it fail, I will make him rue the day."

Then Siegfried went to his task. And for seven days and seven nights the sparks never stopped flying from his forge; and the ringing of his anvil, and the hissing of the hot metal as he tempered it, were heard continuously. On the eighth day the sword was fashioned, and Siegfried brought it to Mimer.

The smith felt the razor edge of the bright weapon, and said: "This seems, indeed, a fair fire edge. Let us make a trial of its keenness."

Then a thread of wool as light as thistledown was thrown upon water, and, as it floated there, Mimer struck it with the sword. The glittering blade cleft the thread

in twain, and the pieces floated upon the surface of the liquid.

"Well done!" cried the delighted smith. "Never have I seen a keener edge. If its temper is as true as its sharpness would lead us to believe, it will indeed serve me well."

But Siegfried took the sword again, and broke it into many pieces; and for three days he welded it in a white-hot fire, and tempered it with milk and oatmeal. Then, a light ball of fine-spun wool was cast upon the flowing water of the brook; and it was caught in the swift eddies of the stream, and whirled about until it met the bared blade of the sword, which was held in Siegfried's hands. And the ball was parted as easily and clean as the rippling water, and not the smallest thread was moved out of its place.

Then back to the smithy Siegfried went again; and his forge glowed with a brighter fire, and his hammer rang upon the anvil with a cheerier sound, than ever before.

For seven weeks the lad wrought day and night at his forge; and then, pale and haggard, he stood before Mimer with the sword in his hands. "It is finished," he said. "Behold the glittering terror! — the blade Balmung. Let us try its edge and prove its temper once again."

Mimer looked long at the ruddy hilt of the weapon, and at the mystic runes that were scored upon its sides, and at

the keen edge, which looked like a ray of sunlight in the gathering gloom of the evening. But no word came from his lips, and his eyes were dim and dazed; and he seemed as one lost in thoughts of days long past and gone.

Siegfried raised the blade high over his head; and the gleaming edge flashed hither and thither, like the lightning's play when Thor rides over the storm clouds. Then suddenly it fell upon the master's anvil, and the solid block of iron was cleft in two; but the blade was no whit dulled by the stroke, and the line of light which marked the edge was brighter than before.

Then to the brook they went; and a great pack of wool, the fleeces of ten sheep, was brought, and thrown upon the swirling water. As the stream bore the bundle downwards, Mimer held the sword in its way. And the whole was divided as easily and as clean as the woollen ball or the slender woollen thread had been cleft before.

"Now, indeed," cried Mimer, "I no longer fear to meet that upstart, Amilias." He sent word at once to Amilias, to meet him on a day, and settle forever the question as to which of the two should be the master. And heralds proclaimed it in every town and dwelling. When the time which had been set drew near, Mimer, bearing the sword Balmung, and followed by all his pupils and apprentices, wended his way toward the place of meeting.

When everything was in readiness for the contest,

Amilias, clad in his boasted war coat, went up to the top of the hill, and sat upon a rock, and waited for Mimer's coming. As he sat there, he looked, to the people below, like some great castle tower; for he was a giant in size, and his coat of mail was so huge that twenty men of common mould might have hidden themselves within it. As the smith Mimer, so dwarfish in stature, toiled up the steep hillside, Amilias smiled to see him; for he felt no fear of the slender, gleaming blade that was to try the metal of his war coat. And already a shout of expectant triumph went up from the throats of the Burgundian hosts, so sure were they of their champion's success.

But Mimer's friends waited in breathless silence, hoping, and yet fearing. Only Siegfried's father, the king, whispered to his queen, and said, "Knowledge is stronger than brute force."

When Mimer reached the top of the hill, Amilias folded his huge arms and smiled again; for he felt that this contest was mere play for him, and that Mimer was already as good as beaten.

"Are you ready?" asked the smith.

"Ready," answered Amilias. "Strike!"

Mimer raised the blade in the air, and for a moment the lightning seemed to play around his head. The muscles on his short, brawny arms, stood out like ropes; and then Balmung, descending, cleft the air from right to

left. The waiting lookers-on in the plain below thought to hear the noise of clashing steel; but they listened in vain, for no sound came to their ears, save a sharp hiss like that which red-hot iron gives when plunged into a tank of cold water. The huge Amilias sat unmoved, with his arms still folded upon his breast; but the smile had faded from his face.

"How do you feel now?" asked Mimer, in a half-mocking tone.

"As if cold iron had touched me," faintly answered the giant.

"Shake thyself!" cried Mimer.

Amilias did so, and lo! he fell in halves; for the sword had cut sheer through the vaunted war coat, and cleft in twain the great body incased within. Down tumbled the giant's head and his still folded arms; and they rolled with thundering noise to the foot of the hill, and fell with a fearful splash into the deep waters of the river; and there, fathoms down, they may even now be seen, when the water is clear, lying like gray rocks among the sand and gravel below. The rest of the body, with the armor which incased it, still sat upright in its place; and to this day travellers sailing down the river are shown on moonlit evenings the luckless armor of Amilias on the high hilltop.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

THE SHOOTING-MATCH AT NOTTINGHAM TOWN

HOWARD PYLE

A fair sight was Nottingham Town on the day of the shooting-match. All along upon the green meadow beneath the town wall stretched a row of benches, one above the other, whereon sat knight and lady, squire and dame, and rich burghers and their wives. At the end of the range, near the target, was a raised seat bedecked with ribbons and scarfs and garlands of flowers, where sat the Sheriff of Nottingham and his dame. The range was two-score paces broad. At one end stood the target; at the other a tent of striped canvas, from the pole of which fluttered many-colored flags and streamers.

Then the herald stood forth and loudly proclaimed the rules of the game as follows:

"Shoot each man from yon mark which is seven-score yards and ten from the target. One arrow shooteth each

man first, and from all the archers shall the ten that shoot the fairest shafts be chosen for to shoot again. Two arrows shooteth each man of these ten, then shall the three that shoot the fairest shafts be chosen for to shoot again. Three arrows shooteth each man of these three, and to him that shooteth the fairest shafts shall the prize be given."

Then the Sheriff leaned forward, looking keenly among the press of archers to find whether Robin Hood was amongst them; but no one was there clad in Lincoln green, such as was worn by Robin and his band. "Nevertheless," said the Sheriff to himself, "he may still be there, and I miss him among the crowd of other men. But let me see when but ten men shoot, for I wot he will be among the ten, or I know him not."

And now the archers shot, each man in turn, and the good folk never saw such archery as was done that day. Six arrows were within the clout, four within the black, and only two smote the outer ring; so that when the last arrow sped and struck the target, all the people shouted aloud, for it was noble shooting.

And now but ten men were left of all those that had shot before, and of these ten, six were famous throughout the land, and most of the folk gathered there knew them. These six men were Gilbert o' the Red Cap, Adam o' the Dell, Diccon Cruikshank, William o' Leslie, Hubert o'

Cloud, and Swithin o' Hertford. Two others were yeomen of merry Yorkshire, another was a tall stranger in blue, who said he came from London Town, and the last was a tattered stranger in scarlet, who wore a patch over one eye.

"Now," quoth the Sheriff to a man-at-arms who stood near him, "seest thou Robin Hood amongst those ten?"

"Nay, that do I not, your worship," answered the man. "Six of them I know right well. Of those Yorkshire yeomen, one is too tall and the other too short for that bold knave. Robin's beard is as yellow as gold, while yon tattered beggar in scarlet hath a beard of brown, besides being blind of one eye. As for the stranger in blue, Robin's shoulders, I ween, are three inches broader than his."

"Then," quoth the Sheriff, smiting his thigh angrily, "yon knave is a coward as well as a rogue, and dares not show his face among good men and true."

Then, after they had rested a short time, those ten stout men stepped forth to shoot again. Each man shot two arrows, and as they shot, not a word was spoken, but all the crowd watched with scarce a breath of sound; but when the last had shot his arrow, another great shout arose, while many cast their caps aloft for joy of such marvellous shooting.

And now but three men were left of all those that had

shot before. One was Gill o' the Red Cap, one the tattered stranger in scarlet, and one Adam o' the Dell of Tamworth Town. Then all the people called aloud, some crying, "Ho for Gilbert o' the Red Cap!" and some, "Hey for stout Adam o' Tamworth!" but not a single man in the crowd called upon the stranger in scarlet.

"Now, shoot thou well, Gilbert," cried the Sheriff, "and if thine be the best shaft, five-score broad silver pennies will I give to thee besides the prize."

"Truly I will do my best," quoth Gilbert, right sturdily. "A man cannot do aught but his best, but that will I strive to do this day." So saying, he drew forth a fair smooth arrow with a broad feather and fitted it deftly to the string; then drawing his bow with care, he sped the shaft. Straight flew the arrow and lit fairly in the clout, a finger breadth from the centre. "A Gilbert, a Gilbert!" shouted all the crowd; and, "Now, by my faith," cried the Sheriff, smiting his hands together, "that is a shrewd shot."

Then the tattered stranger stepped forth, and all the people laughed as they saw a yellow patch that showed beneath his arm when he raised his elbow to shoot, and also to see him aim with but one eye. He drew the good yew bow quickly, and quickly loosed a shaft. So short was the time that no man could draw a breath betwixt the drawing and the shooting; yet his arrow lodged

nearer the centre than the other by twice the length of a barley-corn.

"Now by all the saints in Paradise!" cried the Sheriff, "that is a lovely shaft in very truth!"

Then Adam o' the Dell shot, carefully and cautiously, and his arrow lodged close beside the stranger's. Then after a short space they all three shot again, and once more each arrow lodged within the clout, but this time Adam o' the Dell's was farthest from the centre, and again the tattered stranger's shot was the best. Then, after another time of rest, they all shot for the third time. This time Gilbert took great heed to his aim, keenly measuring the distance and shooting with shrewdest care. Straight flew the arrow, and all shouted till the very flags that waved in the breeze shook with the sound, and the rooks and daws flew clamoring about the roofs of the old gray tower, for the shaft had lodged close beside the spot that marked the very centre.

"Well done, Gilbert!" cried the Sheriff, right joyously. "Fain am I to believe the prize is thine, and right fairly won. Now, thou ragged knave, let me see thee shoot a better shaft than that."

Naught spake the stranger but took his place, while all was hushed, and no one spoke or even seemed to breathe, so great was the silence for wonder what he would do. Meanwhile, also, quite still stood the stranger holding his

bow in his hand, while one could count five; then he drew his trusty yew, holding it drawn but a moment, then loosed the string. Straight flew the arrow, and so true that it smote a gray goose feather from off Gilbert's shaft, which fell fluttering through the sunlit air as the stranger's arrow lodged close beside his of the red cap, and in the very centre. No one spoke a word for a while and no one shouted, but each man looked into his neighbor's face amazedly.

"Nay," quoth old Adam o' the Dell presently, drawing a long breath and shaking his head as he spoke, "two-score years and more have I shot shaft, and maybe not all times bad, but I shoot no more this day, for no man can match with yon stranger, whosoe'er he may be." Then he thrust his shaft into his quiver, rattling, and unstrung his bow without another word.

Then the Sheriff came down from his dais and drew near, in all his silks and velvets, to where the tattered stranger stood leaning upon his stout bow, whilst the good folk crowded around to see the man who shot so wondrously well. "Here, good fellow," quoth the Sheriff, "take thou the prize, and well and fairly hast thou won it, I trow. What may be thy name, and whence comest thou?"

"Men do call me Jock o' Teviotdale, and thence am I come," said the stranger.

"Then, by Our Lady, Jock, thou art the fairest archer that e'er mine eyes beheld, and if thou wilt join my service, I will clothe thee with a better coat than that thou hast upon thy back; thou shalt eat and drink of the best, and at every Christmas-tide fourscore marks shall be thy wage. I trow thou drawest better bow than that same coward knave, Robin Hood, that dared not show his face here this day. Say, good fellow, wilt thou join my service?"

"Nay, that will I not," quoth the stranger, roughly. "I will be mine own, and no man in all merry England shall be my master."

"Then get thee gone, and a murrain seize thee!" cried the Sheriff, and his voice trembled with anger. "And by my faith and troth I have a good part of a mind to have thee beaten for thine insolence!" Then he turned upon his heel and strode away.

It was a right motley company that gathered about the noble greenwood-tree in Sherwood's depths that same day. A score and more of barefoot friars were there, and some that looked like tinkers, and some that seemed to be sturdy beggars and rustic hinds; and seated upon a mossy couch was one all clad in tattered scarlet, with a patch over one eye; and in his hand he held the golden arrow that was the prize of the great shooting-match.

Then, amidst a noise of talking and laughter, he took the patch from off his eye and stripped away the scarlet rags from off his body and showed himself all clothed in fair Lincoln green, and quoth he: "Easy come these things away, but walnut stain cometh not so speedily from yellow hair." Then all laughed louder than before, for it was Robin Hood himself that had won the prize from the Sheriff's very hands.

"By my troth," said the Sheriff, as he sat at meat in the great hall of his house at Nottingham Town, "I did reckon full roundly that that knave, Robin Hood, would be at the game to-day. I did not think that he was such a coward. But who could that saucy knave be who answered me to my beard so bravely?"

Then, even as he finished speaking something fell rattling among the dishes on the table, while those that sat near started up, wondering what it might be. After a while one of the men-at-arms gathered courage enough to pick it up and bring it to the Sheriff. Then every one saw that it was a blunted gray goose shaft, with a fine scroll, about the thickness of a goose quill, tied near to its head. The Sheriff opened the scroll and glanced at it, while the veins upon his forehead swelled and his cheeks grew ruddy with rage as he read, for this was what he saw:

"Now Heaven bless thy grace this day,
Say all in sweet Sherwood,

For thou didst give the prize away
To merry Robin Hood."

"Whence came this?" cried the Sheriff in a mighty voice.

"Even through the window, your worship," quoth the man who had handed the shaft to him.

THE OWL

ALFRED TENNYSON

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle;
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing:
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder.
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the waters.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes;
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,

Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,

"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

A CURIOUS INSTRUMENT

JANE TAYLOR

A gentleman, just returned from a journey to London, was surrounded by his children, eager, after the first salutations were over, to hear the news; and still more eager to see the contents of a small portmanteau, which were one by one carefully unfolded and displayed to view.

After distributing among them a few small presents, the father took his seat again, saying that he must confess he had brought from town, for his own use, something far more curious and valuable than any of the little gifts they had received. It was, he said, too good to present to any of them; but he would, if they pleased, first give them a brief description of it, and then perhaps they might be allowed to inspect it.

The children were accordingly all attention, while the father thus proceeded: "This small instrument is made in the most perfect and wonderful way, and everything about it is very delicate and beautiful. Because of its extreme delicacy it is so liable to injury that a sort of light curtain, adorned with a beautiful fringe, is always provided, and so placed as to fall in a moment on the approach of the slightest danger. Its external appearance is always more or less beautiful, although in this respect there is a great diversity in the different sorts.

"If you should examine the inside, you would find them all alike; but it is so curious, and its powers so truly astonishing, that no one who considers it can suppress his surprise and admiration. By a slight and momentary movement, which is easily made by the person it belongs to, you can ascertain with considerable accuracy the size, color, shape, weight, and value of any article whatever.

"A person having one is thus saved from the necessity of asking a thousand questions, and making a variety of troublesome experiments, which would otherwise be necessary; and such a slow and laborious process would, after all, not succeed half so well as a single trial of this very useful article."

GEORGE. If they are such very useful things, I wonder that everybody, who can at all afford it, does not have one.

FATHER. They are not so uncommon as you may suppose; I myself happen to know several individuals who possess one or two of them.

CHARLES. How large is it, Father? Could I hold it in my hand?

FATHER. You might; but I should not like to trust mine with you!

GEORGE. You will be obliged to take very great care of it, then?

FATHER. Indeed I must. I intend every night to en-

close it within the small screen I mentioned; and it must besides be washed occasionally in a certain colorless fluid kept for the purpose. But, notwithstanding the tenderness of this instrument, you will be surprised to hear that its power may be darted to a great distance, without the least injury, and without any danger of losing it.

CHARLES. Indeed! and how high can you dart it?

FATHER. I should be afraid of telling you to what a distance it will reach, lest you should think I am jesting with you.

GEORGE. Higher than this house, I suppose?

FATHER. Much higher.

CHARLES. Then how do you get it again?

FATHER. It is easily cast down by a gentle movement that does it no injury.

GEORGE. But who can do this?

FATHER. The person whose business it is to take care of it.

CHARLES. Well, I cannot understand you at all; but do tell us, Father, what it is chiefly used for.

FATHER. Its uses are so various that I know not which to specify. It has been found very serviceable in deciphering old manuscripts, and, indeed, has its use in modern prints. It will assist us greatly in acquiring all kinds of knowledge, and without it some of the most wonderful things in the world would never have been known.

GEORGE. Tell us something more about it.

FATHER. It is very penetrating, and can often discover secrets which could be detected by no other means. It must be said, however, that it is equally prone to reveal them.

CHARLES. What! can it speak, then?

FATHER. It is sometimes said to do so, especially when it happens to meet with one of its own kind.

GEORGE. What color are these strange things?

FATHER. They vary considerably in this respect.

GEORGE. What color is yours?

FATHER. I believe of a darkish color, but, to confess the truth, I never saw it in my life.

BOTH. Never saw it in your life!

FATHER. No, nor do I wish to; but I have seen a reflection of it, which is so exact that my curiosity is quite satisfied.

GEORGE. But why don't you look at the thing itself?

FATHER. I should be in great danger of losing it if I did.

CHARLES. Then you could buy another.

FATHER. Nay, I believe I could not prevail upon my body to part with it.

GEORGE. Then how did you get this one?

FATHER. I am so fortunate as to have more than one; but how I got them I really cannot recollect.

CHARLES. Not recollect! why, you said you brought them from London to-night.

FATHER. So I did; I should be sorry if I had left them behind me.

CHARLES. Tell, Father, do tell us the name of this curious instrument.

FATHER. It is called — an EYE.

THE STRANGER

JOHN B. TABB

He entered; but the mask he wore
  Concealed his face from me.
Still, something I had seen before
  He brought to memory.

"Who art thou? What thy rank, thy name?"
  I questioned, with surprise;
"Thyself," the laughing answer came,
  "As seen of others' eyes."

NOSE AND EYES

WILLIAM COWPER

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court —
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again,)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but,
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candle-light — Eyes should be shut!

Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered, for they are gone forever.

— Horace Mann.

CANDLE-MAKING AT THE COOLIDGES'

GERTRUDE L. STONE AND M. GRACE FICKETT

I

Not since the Coolidge family came to New England had Mistress Coolidge been able to make any candles. The colonists had owned so few cattle and sheep during the first few years after they came to their new home that, even with the deer fat and the bear grease, there had not been enough material for candle-making.

One day during the fall when Patience Coolidge was seven years old, her mother said: "There will be tallow enough for candles this year. Our home shall be lighted in the same way as Governor Winthrop's, though, methinks not so brightly."

The little girl's face broke into a radiant smile. Once upon a time, when she went to town, she had seen the beautiful candlesticks at the governor's house with snowy white candles in them; but she had never seen any candles lighted. To think of being like the great Governor Winthrop!

Patience tilted her dimpled chin a trifle higher, but she dared not say anything. Only the Sabbath before, when she said that her shoes were not so pretty as Anne How-

land's, her grandmother had replied very severely, "Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit before a fall."

All the light that Patience had ever seen after sunset in the great square room which served as the Coolidges' kitchen and dining-room and living-room came from the burning of a big, sticky pine knot. This knot, called candlewood, was placed on a flat stone in a corner of the fireplace. It was really necessary to tuck it away in such a fashion, because the smoke must go up the chimney, and because the dirty, pitchy droppings — which were really tar — must run where they would be burned up and do no harm in the clean room.

The burning knot made the room bright and cheery; but it did not give light enough to make reading easy. Patience, too, very much regretted that the candlewood could not be carried to another room. But then she was small and was still a little afraid of dark halls and black places behind doors.

It was a clear, cold night in November when Mistress Coolidge said, "To-morrow I must dip the candles."

Patience had been hoping for a week that the next day was to be the great day of the candle-making. When her mother spoke, she closed her eyes and tried to imagine how the room would seem with a lighted candle on the table. Would there be enough light so that across the

room she could see the face on her grandmother's large cameo breastpin?

Patience did not have to wait until morning to see the candle-making begin. That evening her mother made the wicks ready. She stuck an old iron fork upright in the kitchen table about eight inches from the edge, and threw around it half a dozen loops of the soft tow-string which she called wicking. By cutting these loops at the edge of the table, she made six wicks of the same length.

"Six, twelve, eighteen," she counted, until at last she had laid out twenty-five dozen. "That is all we may have for this year's supply," she said with regret. But Patience thought it could not be that Governor Winthrop had many more.

After Patience had gone to bed, Mistress Coolidge continued to work. She took the wicks one at a time from the basket into which she had tossed them, twisted each tightly, doubled it, and slipped through the loop a candle-rod, — a stick not much thicker than a lead-pencil but about three times as long. The twisted ends, as soon as Mistress Coolidge released her hold upon them, untwisted a little and rolled themselves together in a good firm wick.

When six wicks dangled by their looped ends from one candle rod, she began on another rod and so made each one ready for the dipping. When Patience saw the limp

little wicks in the morning, she thought they looked like stockings on a clothes-line.

That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Mistress Coolidge said to her two tall sons: "Now a brisk fire, boys, and the two big iron kettles from the shed. You will find the tallow in them."

When the kettles were swung on heavy iron hooks in the fireplace, the boys brought in a pair of long poles. Mistress Coolidge tipped down two straight-backed chairs and directed the boys to place the poles across them, forming something like a ladder without any rounds.

"The candle-rods next, boys," she directed; and then she added, as Jonathan brought these out and she began to place them like rounds across the sides of the ladder; "It was indeed well to make these ready last night. The candle-dipping will take all the morning."

II

The candle-rods were soon in place. Then the boys laid boards beneath the rods to keep any greasy drippings from the floor, and at last they took one of the big kettles half full of melted tallow from the fire and set it on the broad hearth.

"Now she is going to begin to dip," thought Patience. But, no; her mother took a pail and poured boiling water into the kettle until it was full.

"Oh, the tallow is spoiled!" cried the little girl in real distress.

Her mother did not seem troubled. "Ask thy grandmother, she will tell thee; I cannot stop now," she said briefly.

"Where was the fat of the soup we had yesterday?" asked Patience's grandmother when the little girl had crossed the room to her.

"On top," said Patience, and a smile broke over her face.

"And that is where the tallow is, where thy mother needs it that the wicks may reach it easily. Is not the fat on the top of the water deeper than the wicks are long? Do not be troubled; by and by she must pour in more water to keep the tallow ever at the top of the kettle."

All ready at last? No, not even yet. The kitchen had to be cooled so that the candles might harden well. Then at last everything was really ready, and Mistress Coolidge took up the first candle-rod and skilfully dipped the six wicks into the hot tallow.

When they came out, Patience had another disappointment. There were six greasy strings hanging on the rod, not in the least like the beautiful round white candles she had seen in the governor's mansion.

Her mother straightened some of the wicks, then

dipped another rod and then another, until they all had been dipped once. Then she took up the first rod once more.

"There goes the first round of the ladder again!" thought Patience.

A little more tallow stuck this time and Patience gave a small sigh of satisfaction; but she could not keep from asking her grandmother, "Will they ever be candles?"

"Let patience have her perfect work," quoted her grandmother, as she had a hundred times before.

It took a long time to dip all the rods and come back again to the first, but after a while the first had been dipped and dipped until it had grown to be as large as a lead pencil.

"Why does she not keep them in the tallow longer, that they may grow faster?" Patience quietly asked her grandmother, for her mother was working too busily to be interrupted.

"Why should she melt off all the tallow that is on the wicks?" her grandmother asked in return. "That is what would surely happen if she were to hold the wicks long in that hot kettle. The hot tallow will stick to the cool candle like cream to thy finger; but the little candles would become two strings again if they remained long in so hot a place."

After a time the second kettle was taken from its hook

in the fireplace and the first was hung up with fresh tallow to melt. So the kettles were used in turn until at last the candles were done. Patience well deserved her name before the twenty-five dozen completed candles hung and swung on the rods across the long poles.

"Now they will all be ready to carry to the garret to bleach as soon as they are hard and cold," said Mistress Coolidge with relief.

"O mother, not all!" cried Patience. "One, you know, you said we would light to-night."

"You are right, little daughter. Choose your candle and make ready your grandmother's brass candlestick. Polish it bright and bring out the snuffer tray and snuffers. To-night you shall see what candle-light is like."

What a delight it was to rub the old candlestick until it shone, and to fit the new candle into the socket so carefully that it would stand just straight. In the evening, when the candle was lighted, Patience could not see the face on the cameo pin as she had expected, but what of that! All she had to do was to carry the candle across the room and hold it in front of her grandmother in order to see every line of the beautiful face. Best of all, however, she had the candle when she went to bed, so that she knew positively there was not a single creepy thing behind the door.

STEP BY STEP

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
  That a noble deed is a step toward God,
  Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
  By what we have mastered of good and gain;
  By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
  When the morning calls us to life and light,
  But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
  And we think that we mount the air on wings

Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way,—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

— Benjamin Franklin.

THE SUGAR CAMP

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

I think there is no part of farming the boy enjoys more than the making of maple sugar; it is better than "blackberrying," and nearly as good as fishing. And one reason he likes this work is that somebody else does the most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active and yet not do much.

As I remember the New England boy (and I am very intimate with one), he used to be on the *qui vive* in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins, — a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted. The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots,

and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little.

The country boy goes barefoot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds which were packed and varnished over in the fall to keep the water and the frost out. Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jack-knife; at any rate, he is pretty sure to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement — as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn — with "Sap's running!"

It is a great day when the cart is loaded with the buckets and the procession starts into the woods. The sun shines almost unobstructedly into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it; the snow is soft and beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up everywhere; the snowbirds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting and of the blows of the axe echoes far and wide. This is spring, and the boy can scarcely contain his delight that his outdoor life is about to begin again.

In the first place the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is recovered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Forked sticks are set at each end, and a long pole

is laid on them, and on this are hung the great caldron kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up, and cleared out to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.

The great fire that is kindled up is never let out, night or day, as long as the season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to watch the kettles that they do not boil over, and to fill them. It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettle the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dropped from one to another, until in the end kettle it is reduced to syrup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off." To "sugar off" is to boil the syrup until it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and it is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his kettle down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax

on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A good deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes, but he does not care; he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles, with a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long, round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue. The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness that his own mother wouldn't know him.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited; sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter and little affectations of fright. The white snow still lies on the ground, except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness, and lights up the bough shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets on the

trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play.

At these sugar parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practised in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple-sugar that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever. At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed, without crystallizing, into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled! But that was the one thing he could not do.

INDIANA

Sarah K. Bolton

Though many laud Italia's clime,
And call Helvetia's land sublime,
Tell Gallia's praise in prose and rhyme,
  And worship old Hispania;
The winds of Heaven never fanned,
The circling sunlight never spanned
The borders of a better land
  Than our own Indiana.

Encrowned with forests grand and old,
Enthroned on mineral wealth untold,
Coining her soil to yellow gold,
  Through labor's great arcana,
She fosters commerce, science, art
With willing hands and generous heart,
And sends to many a foreign mart
  Products of Indiana.

Where late the birchen wigwam stood,
Or Indian braves their game pursued,
And Indian maids were won and wooed,
  By light of soft Diana,

Fair cities as by magic rise,
With church towers pointing to the skies,
And schools that charm the world's wide eyes
To fair young Indiana.

And where, some fifty years ago,
The settler's wagon lumbered slow
Through mud, and mire, and frozen snow,
O'er hillside and savanna,
The steam car, with its fiery eyes,
Like some mad demon pants and flies,
Startling the echoes with its cries
Throughout all Indiana.

Not to old realms, with palace piles
And crownèd kings, nor sea-girt isles,
Wherein perpetual summer smiles
On bread-fruit and banana,
Could we in word or thought compare
The free domain, the balmy air,
The silver streams and valleys fair,
Of genial Indiana.

With kindly word and friendly hand
She welcomes sons of every land,
From Hammerfest to Samarcand,
From India to Britannia;
And many a toiler, sore oppressed
In olden lands, has found his quest—
A happy homestead—on the breast
Of fruitful Indiana.

She gives the hungry stranger bread;
Her helpless poor are clothed and fed
As freely as the Father spread
  The feast of mystic manna.
The sick in body, wrecked in mind,
The orphaned child, the dumb, the blind,
A free and safe asylum find
  In generous Indiana.

Her gentle mothers, pure and good,
In stately homes or cabins rude,
Are types of noble womanhood;
  Her girls are sweet and canny;
Her sons, among the bravest brave,
Call no man master, no man slave,
Holding the heritage God gave
  In fee to Indiana.

But even while our hearts rejoice
In the dear home land of our choice,
We should, with one united voice,
  Give thanks and sing Hosanna
To Him whose love and bounteous grace
Gave to the people of our race
A freehold, an abiding place,
  In fertile Indiana.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

HELEN KELLER

I was born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, a little town of northern Alabama.

I lived, up to the time of the illness that deprived me of my sight and hearing, in a tiny house consisting of a large, square room and a small one, in which the servant slept. It was completely covered with vines, climbing roses, and honeysuckles. From the garden it looked like an arbor. The little porch was hidden from view by a screen of yellow roses and southern smilax. It was the favorite haunt of humming-birds and bees.

Even in the days before my teacher came, I used to feel along the square, stiff, boxwood hedges, and guided by the sense of smell, would find the first violets and lilies.

I am told that while I was still in long dresses I insisted upon imitating everything that I saw other people do. At six months I could pipe out, "How d'ye," and one day I attracted every one's attention by saying, "Tea, tea, tea" quite plainly.

They tell me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bath-tub and was

holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I slipped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms.

These happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird, one summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child. Then in the dreary month of February came the illness which closed my eyes and ears.

Gradually I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me and forgot that it had ever been different, until she came — my teacher — who was to set my spirit free.

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, came to me.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d-o-l-l." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly, I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride.

Running downstairs to my mother I held up my hand

and made the letters for *doll*. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed. I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them *pin*, *hat*, *cup*, and a few verbs like *sit*, *stand*, and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day, while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap also, spelled "d-o-l-l," and tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had had a tussle over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that "m-u-g" is *mug* and that "w-a-t-e-r" is *water*, but I persisted in confounding the two.

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word "w-a-t-e-r," first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motion of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten — a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew that

"w-a-t-e-r" meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that *mother*, *father*, *sister*, *teacher*, were among them. It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Boston, December 17, 1890.

Dear Kind Poet: This is your birthday; that was the first thought which came into my mind when I awoke this morning; and it made me glad to think I could write you a letter and tell you how much your little friends love their sweet poet and his birthday. This evening they are going to entertain their friends with music and readings from your poems. I hope the swift-winged messengers of love will be here to carry some of the sweet melody to you, in your little study by the Merrimac.

At first I was sorry when I found that the sun had hidden his shining face behind dull clouds, but afterwards I thought why he did it, and then I was happy. The sun knows that you like to see the world covered with beautiful white snow, and so he kept back all his brightness, and let the little crystals form in the sky. When they are ready, they will softly fall and tenderly cover every object. Then the sun will appear in all his radiance and fill the world with light.

If I were with you today, I would give you eighty-three kisses, one for each year you have lived. Eighty-three years seems very long to me. Does it seem long to you? I wonder how many years there will be in eternity. I am afraid I cannot think about so much time. I received the letter which you wrote me last summer, and I thank you for it. I am staying in Boston now, at the Institution for the Blind, and I have not commenced my studies yet, because my dearest friend, Mr. Anagnos, wants me to rest and play a great deal.

Teacher is well, and sends her kindest remembrance to you. The happy Christmas time is almost here! I can hardly wait for the fun to begin! I hope your Christmas Day will be a very happy one and that the New Year will be full of brightness and joy for you and every one.

From your little friend,

HELEN A. KELLER.

WHITTIER'S REPLY

My dear Young Friend: I was very glad to have such a pleasant letter on my birthday. I had two or three hundred others, and thine was one of the most welcome of all. I must tell thee about how the day was passed at Oak Knoll. Of course the sun did not shine, but we had great open wood fires in the rooms, which were very sweet with roses and other flowers, that were sent me from distant friends; and fruits of all kinds from California and other places. Some relatives and dear old friends were with me through the day.

I do not wonder thee thinks eighty-three years a long time, but to me it seems but a very little while since I was a boy, no older than thee, playing on the old farm at Haverhill. I thank thee for thy good wishes, and wish thee as many. I am glad thee is at the Institution; it is an excellent place. Give my best regards to Miss Sullivan, and with a great deal of love, I am, thy old friend,

John G. Whittier.

THE VICAR'S SERMON

CHARLES MACKAY

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
  Do it, then, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
  Or a little in the right.
Trifles even lead to heaven;
  Trifles make the life of man.
So in all things, great and small things,
  Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck their surface dim, —
  Spotless truth and honor bright;
I'd not give a fig for him
  Who says that any lie is white!
He who falters, twists, or alters
  Little atoms when we speak,
May deceive me, but, believe me,
  To himself he is a sneak.

Help the weak if you are strong;
  Love the old if you are young;
Own a fault if you are wrong;
  If you're angry, hold your tongue.

In each duty there's a beauty,
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely and securely
As a kernel in a nut.

If you think a word will please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often soothe and soften.
Gild a joy and heal a pain;
They are pleasures yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out false pride in place or blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

— TENNYSON.

THE NEW KENTUCKY HOME

FRANCES PERRY

Boone was a happy man when he said good-by to the quiet little community east of the Cumberland Mountains and set forth with his wife and children for the land he loved.

It took much courage for Mrs. Boone to leave home and friends and attempt a second time the perilous journey through the wilderness from Clinch River to Boonesborough. But she was a brave woman, and, if her heart was heavy with sorrow and fear as she passed the spot where, two years before, her eldest boy was shot, she hid her grief, and her husband did not know that she was less happy than he. She noticed the beautiful scenery and spoke of the fine air.

Where the way was broad enough, Daniel Boone rode beside her. His happiness made him more talkative than usual, and he pointed out objects of interest or related some adventure that had befallen him here or there along the road. Then he spoke of the new fort and told how strong it was and how safe they would be from the Indians when they reached it. Thus he talked until the entire company shared his enthusiasm.

But all the time he was on the alert. No stragglers were allowed to linger behind the company or stray aside to fall victims to Indian cunning, and all reached Boonesborough in safety and with high hopes.

How beautiful the new home was! The world seemed so grand and free and all their own. Mrs. Boone and her daughter stood on the banks of the Kentucky and felt a thrill of pride when Daniel Boone told them that they would be remembered in history as the first white women to behold that stream.

Everything was new and unusual. They were interested in the curious animals and strange plants. They felt the charm that he had felt, and were glad to be there. Then, too, they thought themselves so safe when once inside of the great palisade. Before the novelty wore off and before they had time to be lonesome other families joined them.

The station consisted of several cabins opening on a hollow square and surrounded by a wall about twelve feet high, made of stout posts, sharpened and planted firmly in the earth. At the corners were projecting strong blockhouses.

In the daytime the men went outside of the palisade to hunt, and plant or tend their corn. The women went to and from the spring for water. The children played about the gate. The cattle browsed on the tender cane

leaves. But at night all assembled within the sheltering walls.

Each of the families had a separate cabin. Five or six of the men who had no families clubbed together in a single dwelling. Living so close together and having the same interests, all were as well acquainted and friendly as one great family.

And what good times they had in the evening after the day's work! Such feasts, such fiddling, such dancing and singing! Never was fairy-tale listened to with such breathless interest as were the adventures of those daring hunters. With plenty of work to keep them busy by day, and frolics and story-telling for the evening hours, they had little time to regret old friends and little occasion to fear the Indians.

This tranquillity was interrupted and the Christmas cheer of the pioneers was changed to sorrow and apprehension, for on the twenty-fourth of December one of their number was wounded and another killed by prowling savages.

After that they were left in peace for some time. Their cane-fed cattle gave them the most delicious cream, butter, and cheese. The women and boys worked in February and March making maple sugar, which the children said was almost as good as the golden honey that the wild bees had stored for them in the old forest

trees. Crops flourished. The salt-licks furnished good salt. The wild animals provided them with meat and skins. In short, nature cherished them in rude plenty, and they were happy and prosperous in their new home. Their experience had encouraged others to follow their example, and several stations sprang up in the vicinity.

A BIRD'S NEST

James Hurdis

It wins my admiration
To view the structure of that little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut;
No nail to fix; no bodkin to insert;
No glue to join; — his little beak was all:
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?

TOM

Constance Fenimore Woolson

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining! He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout —
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes

Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them, — when, suddenly, there at their feet,
The great beams leaned in — they saw him — then crash,
Down came the wall! the men made a dash, —
Jumped to get out of the way, — and I thought,
"All's up with poor little Robin!" and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, — when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
Straight as a dart — caught the child — and then came
Back with him, choking and crying, but — saved!
Saved safe and sound!
Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall

Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.
Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now; he's as bright as a dime.
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now! See, he's strong as a log!
And there comes Tom, too —
Yes, Tom was our dog.

"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS, NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING"

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

THE FISH I DIDN'T CATCH

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I think the chief attraction of the Brook to my brother and myself was the fine fishing it afforded us. Our bachelor uncle was a quiet, genial man, much given to hunting and fishing; and it was one of the great pleasures of our young life to accompany him on his expeditions to the Country Brook. We were quite willing to work hard in the cornfield or in the haying-loft to finish the necessary day's labor in season for an afternoon stroll through the woods and along the brookside.

I remember my first fishing excursion as if it were but yesterday. I have been happy many times in my life, but never more intensely so than when I received that first fishing-pole from my uncle's hand, and trudged off with him through the woods and meadows.

It was a still, sweet day of early summer. The long afternoon shadows of the trees lay cool across our path; the leaves seemed greener, the flowers brighter, the birds merrier than ever before. My uncle, who knew by long experience where were the best haunts of pickerel, considerately placed me at the most favorable point. I threw

out my line as I had so often seen others, and waited anxiously for a bite, moving the bait in rapid jerks on the surface of the water in imitation of the leap of a frog.

"Try again," said my uncle. Suddenly the bait sank out of sight.

"Now for it," thought I; "here is a fish at last."

I made a strong pull, and brought up a tangle of weeds. Again and again I cast out my line with aching arms, and drew it back empty. I looked at my uncle appealingly.

"Try once more," he said; "we fishermen must have patience."

Suddenly something tugged at my line and swept off with it into deep water. Jerking it up, I saw a fine pickerel wriggling in the sun.

"Uncle!" I cried, looking back in uncontrollable excitement, "I've got a fish!"

"Not yet," said my uncle. As he spoke there was a splash in the water; I caught the arrowy gleam of a scared fish shooting into the middle of the stream; my hook hung empty from the line. I had lost my prize.

So, overcome by my great and bitter disappointment, I sat down on the nearest hassock, and for a time refused to be comforted, even by my uncle's assurance that there were more fish in the brook. He refitted my

bait, and, putting the pole again in my hands, told me to try my luck once more.

"But remember, boy," he said with his shrewd smile, "never brag of catching a fish until he is on dry ground. I've seen older folks doing that in more ways than one, and so making fools of themselves. It's no use to boast of anything until it's done, nor then either, for it speaks for itself."

How often since I have been reminded of the fish that I did not catch! When I hear people boasting of a work as yet undone, and trying to anticipate the credit which belongs only to actual achievement, I call to mind that scene by the brookside, and the wise caution of my uncle in that particular instance takes the form of a proverb of universal application: "NEVER BRAG OF YOUR FISH BEFORE YOU CATCH HIM."

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day: you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.

— EMERSON.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy.

Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy.
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,

Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,

When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude!

O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;

Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

A SEA-SONG

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

* * * * *

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
  And lighting in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
  The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

THE MIST

CARL EWALD

The sun had just set. The frog was croaking his even-song, which took so long that there seemed to be no end to it. The bee crept into her hive, and the little children cried because it was bedtime. The flowers closed their petals and bent their heads. The bird hid his beak under his wing and the stag lay down to rest in the tall, soft grass of the glade.

The bells of the village church rang in the night, and when that was done, the old sexton went off home, chatted a little with the villagers who were taking their evening stroll, bade them good-night, and shut his door.

By and by it was quite still and darkness fell. There was still a light in the parsonage and at the doctor's. But at the farm-houses it was dark, for the farmers rise early in the summer and therefore have to go early to bed.

Then the stars shone forth in the sky and the moon rose higher and higher. A dog barked down in the village. But he was certainly dreaming, for there was really nothing to bark at.

"Is any one here?" asked the mist.

But no one answered, for there was no one there.

So the mist went on in his light, gleaming clothes. He danced over the meadows, up and down, to and fro. Now he would lie quite still for a while and then begin to dance again. He skipped across the pond and into the wood, where he flung his long, wet arms round the trunks of the trees.

"Who are you, friend?" asked the night-scented rocket, who stood and distilled her perfume for her own pleasure.

The mist did not reply, but went on dancing.

"I asked who you were," said the rocket. "And, as you don't answer me, I conclude that you are an ill-natured churl."

"I'll conclude you!" said the mist.

And he lay down round the night-scented rocket, till her petals were dripping wet.

"Hi! Hi!" screamed the rocket. "I feel as if I had been dipped in the pond. You needn't be so angry, just because I ask you who you are."

The mist rose up again.

"Who am I?" he repeated. "Why, you wouldn't understand if I told you."

"Try," said the rocket.

"I am the dewdrop on the flowers, the cloud in the sky, and mist on the fields," he answered.

"I beg your pardon!" said the rocket. "Would you mind saying that again? Why, I know the dewdrop. He settles on my petals every morning; and I don't see any resemblance between you."

"Ah, I am the dewdrop, for all that!" said the mist, sadly. "But nobody knows me. I have to spend my life in many shapes. Sometimes I am dew, and sometimes I am rain, and sometimes I trickle in the form of a clear, cool spring through the wood. But when I dance over the meadow in the evening, then people say that the mist is rising."

"That's a queer story," said the rocket. "Have you any more to tell me? The night is long and sometimes I feel a little bored."

"It is a sad story," answered the mist. "But you shall hear it if you like." And he lay down a few steps from the rocket and began his story:

"I was born deep down in the ground," he said, "much deeper than your roots grow. I and my brothers — for you must know that we are a big family — came into the world in the shape of clear, crystal, spring water, and lay long in our hiding-place. But, one day, we sprang suddenly from under a gentle hill, into the midst of the full, bright sunshine. Believe me, it was delightful to run through the wood. We rippled over the stones and splashed against the banks. Dear little fishes

played among us and the trees bent over us and reflected their green splendor. If a leaf fell, we rocked it and caressed it and bore it into the wide world. Oh, how delightful it was! It was really the happiest time of my life."

"Shall I soon hear how you came to be mist?" asked the night-scented rocket, impatiently. "I know the brook. On a very still night I can hear her babbling from where I stand."

The mist rose and took a little dance across the meadow. Then he came back and continued:

"That is the worst of this world; we are never satisfied with what we have. For instance, we ran on and on until, at last, we came to a big lake, where the water-lilies rocked on the water and the dragon-flies buzzed around on their great stiff wings. On the surface, the water was as clear as a mirror; but, whether we wanted to or not, we had to run along the bottom, and there it was dark and dismal. I could not bear it. I longed for the sunbeams. I knew them so well from the time when I ran in the brook. Now they looked down upon us through the leaves and cast a bright light over me. I wanted to see them again and, therefore, I crept up to the surface and lay down in the sunshine among the white water-lilies and their big green leaves. But oh, how the sun burnt up the lake! It was almost

unendurable, and I bitterly regretted that I had not remained at the bottom."

"All this is very dull," said the rocket. "When are we coming to the mist?"

"Here he is!" said the mist, and lay down around the flower, who almost lost her breath.

"Hi! Hi!" screamed the rocket. "You're the roughest playfellow I know. Go away, and tell your story in your own manner, if you must."

"In the evening, when the sun had gone down, I suddenly became wonderfully light," said the mist. "I don't know how it happened, but I felt that I must rise up and fly away from the lake. And, in fact, before I knew it, I was hovering over the water, away from the dragon-flies and the water-lilies. The evening wind carried me along; I flew high in the air and there I met many of my brothers, who had been as inquisitive as I and had met with the same fortune. We were wafted up to the sky; we had turned into clouds. Do you understand?"

"I am not quite sure," said the rocket. "It does not sound very probable."

"But it's true, for all that," said the mist. "Now listen. The wind carried us for some time through the sky. Then, suddenly, he grew tired of us and let us go. And we fell down upon the earth in pouring rain. The

flowers lost no time in closing their petals and the birds took shelter, all except the ducks and geese, who were the better pleased the wetter it was. Oh, and the farmer, too! he stood there rejoicing, because his crops needed rain. He did not care how wet he got. But, otherwise, we really caused a great disturbance."

"Ah, so you're the rain, too, are you?" asked the night-scented rocket. "I say, you seem to have plenty to do."

"Yes; I never have any rest," said the mist.

"All the same, I haven't yet heard how you became mist," said the rocket. "Now don't fly into a passion again; you promised to tell me and I would rather hear the whole story over again than once more shiver in your damp arms."

The mist lay and wept for a moment and then continued:

"When I had fallen on the ground as rain, I sank through the black earth and was glad to think I was returning to my native place, the deep subterranean source. There at least I had known peace and been free from cares. But, just as I was sinking, the roots of the trees sucked me up again and, all day long, I had to wander around in the branches and leaves. They used me as a beast of burden, you see. I had to drag up from the roots all the food that the leaves and flowers needed. I was not free until the evening. When the sun had gone

down, all the trees and flowers heaved deep sighs and in their sighs my brothers and I were sent forth as a light, gleaming mist. At night, we dance over the fields. But, in the morning, when the sun rises, we turn into beautiful, clear dewdrops and come and hang on your petals. Then you shake us off and we sink deeper and deeper until we come to the source where we were born, unless some root or other snatches us up on the way. And so it goes on: through the brook, into the lake, up in the sky, and back again to earth."

"Stop!" cried the night-scented rocket. "It makes my head swim to listen to you."

Now the frog began to stir. He stretched his legs and went down to the ditch to take his morning bath. The birds began to chirp in the wood and the stag belled among the trees.

Morning began to break and the sun peeped over the hill.

"What's this?" he said. "What does it all mean? One can't see one's hand before one's eyes. Morning wind! Up with you, you sluggard, and blow that nasty mist away!"

And the morning wind flew across the fields and blew away the mist. At the same moment, the sun sent his first rays straight down upon the night-scented rocket.

"Hullo!" said the flower. "Here's the sun! Now

I must be quick and close my petals. Where in the name of wonder has the mist gone to?"

"Here I am," said the dewdrop, hanging from her stalk. But the night-scented rocket shook her head fretfully:

"Tell that to the children," she said. "I don't believe a word of all you've said. You're just water and nothing more."

"You're right enough there!" said the sun. And he laughed.

SNOWDROP

ALFRED TENNYSON

Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes
February fair-maid!

IN THE ORCHARD

Frank Dempster Sherman

O robin in the cherry tree,
I hear you caroling your glee!
The platform where you lightly tread
Is lighted up with cherries red,
And there you sing among the boughs
Like Patti at the opera house.
Who is the hero in your play
To whom you sing in such a way?
And why are you so gayly dressed
With scarlet ribbons on your breast?
And is your lover good and true?
And does he always sing to you?
Your orchestra are winds that blow
Their blossom notes to me below;
And all the trembling leaves are throngs
Of people clapping for your songs.
I wonder if you like it when
I clap for you to sing again.

THE MEANING OF THE FLAG

CHARLES F. DOLE

Let us use our imagination and take a journey all the way from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic Ocean to Alaska. We shall see our flag floating over schoolhouses and government buildings, over post-offices and custom-houses, over forts and navy-yards. We shall find it on all the holidays above many a house and store and shop. We shall see the little flags that friends on Memorial Day have placed on the graves of soldiers and sailors.

Let us now cross the seas, and we shall still find the flag in many a distant foreign harbor. It will be seen in the great cities of Europe and Asia, showing where American ambassadors and consuls and other agents of our government may be found by their countrymen. It will fly over grand hotels where American travellers are staying. It will be seen upon ships and steamers as men sail the distant seas. Wherever we see it, a warm and friendly feeling thrills our hearts.

What does the flag with its bright colors mean, that millions of children should salute it in their schools, and that grown men should be willing to take off their hats in its presence?

The flag means the union of all our people throughout all our states and territories. Men in different nations once feared and fought each other; we now in America trust and help one another. The men of the South and the men of the North, the men of the East and the men of the West, all fly the same flag. It is a sign that we are one people.

What does the flag tell us as often as we see it? It tells us that no one in America is alone or friendless. There is a mighty government with its laws and its officers, that will not let any one be oppressed. Nowhere to-day under our flag can any man be enslaved. We are all pledged to give every one in the land justice and equal liberty. We are pledged to give all children a chance to be educated. The flag is the sign of our pledge to befriend one another.

What can the flag do for us, if we journey abroad and visit foreign lands? It tells us that our government will watch over our safety. We have treaties with other peoples promising us that their laws and courts and police and soldiers will protect us equally with their own people.

Once strangers were liable to abuse wherever they travelled. Now, wherever our flag goes, it is a sign that our government will never forget us. The lonely or sick American sailor, stranded in Liverpool or Marseilles or

Algiers, can find the American consul and get help to return to his home.

The flag is not merely a sign that the government will help and protect us at home and abroad. It is also a call and a command to every one of us to stand by the government. Suppose every citizen wanted the help of the government for himself. Suppose all the people expected the government to provide for them. This would be as if every one in a house expected to be waited upon by the others. Who would do the work of the house, if every one thought only of what the others ought to do for him?

The truth is, the government depends upon every one of us. The flag tells us not of a pledge that some one else has made, but a pledge that we have made ourselves. When we look at the flag, we promise anew that we will stand by the common country; we will try to be true and faithful citizens. We promise to do our work so well as to make the whole country richer and happier; we promise to live such useful lives that the next generation of children will have a nobler country to live in than we have had. We scorn, when we see the flag, to be idle and mean, or false or dishonest. We devote ourselves to America to make it the happiest land that the sun ever shone on.

The flag tells us one other message. It has been

carried over fields of battle. Men have shouted "Victory" under it. But it is not a flag of war. It is a flag of peace. It does not mean hate to any other people. It is a sign of brotherhood and good-will to all nations. Americans purpose to conquer by kindness, by justice, by simple truthfulness. Good Americans are pledged to make the world more prosperous, happier, and better.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

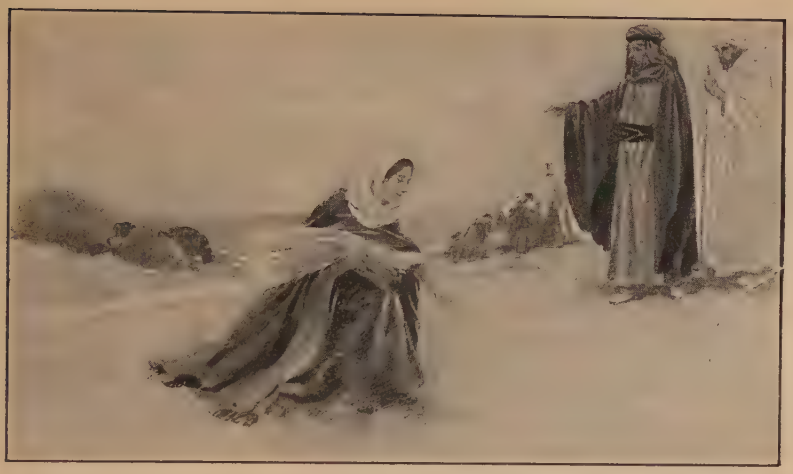
Francis Scott Key

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream.
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge should save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



THE STORY OF RUTH

Now it came to pass in the days when the judges ruled, that there was a famine in the land. And a certain man of Beth-lehem-judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons. And the name of the man was Elimelech, and the name of his wife Naomi, and the name of his two sons Mahlon and Chilion. And they came into the country of Moab, and continued there.

And Elimelech, Naomi's husband, died; and she was left and her two sons. And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other Ruth: and they dwelt there about ten years.

And Mahlon and Chilion died also both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.

Then she arose with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab: for she had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread. Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, "Go, return each to her mother's house: the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband." Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept.

And they said unto her, "Surely we will return with thee unto thy people."

And Naomi said, "Turn again, my daughters; why will ye go with me?"

And Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her.

And she said, "Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law."

And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I

will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab.

And they came to Beth-lehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

And Naomi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, of the family of Elimelech; and his name was Boaz.

And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, "Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace." And she said unto her, "Go, my daughter."

And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech.

And, behold, Boaz came from Beth-lehem, and said unto the reapers, "The Lord be with you." And they answered him, "The Lord bless thee."

Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, "Whose damsel is this?"

And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, "It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab: and she said, 'I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves.'

"So she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house."

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens."

Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?"

And Boaz answered and said unto her, "It hath fully been shewed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband; and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore.

"The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE?

HENRY ABBEY

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and siding, all that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree!

CALLING THE QUAIL

DALLAS LORE SHARP

In the early summer the quails are hatched in broods of from ten to twenty, and live as families until the pairing season the next spring. The chicks keep close to the neighborhood of the home nest, feeding and roosting together, under the guidance of the parent birds. But this happy union is soon broken by the advent of the gunning season. It is seldom that a bevy escapes this period whole and uninjured. Indeed, if one of the brood is left to welcome the spring, it is little less than a miracle.

I have often heard the scattered, frightened families called together after a day of hard shooting; and once, in the old pasture to the north of Cubby Hollow, I saw the bevy assemble.

It was long after sunset, but the snow so diffused the light that I could see pretty well. In climbing the fence into the pasture, I had started a rabbit, and was creeping up behind a low cedar, when a quail, very near me, whistled softly, Whirl-ee! The cedar was between us. Whirl-ee, whirl-ee-gig! she whistled again.

It was the sweetest bird-note I ever heard, being so low, so liquid, so mellow, that I almost doubted if Bob White

could make it. But there she stood in the snow with head high, listening anxiously. Again she whistled, louder this time; and from the woods below came a faint answering call: White! The answer seemed to break the spell; and on three sides of me sounded other calls. At this the little signaler repeated her efforts, and each time the answers came louder and nearer. Presently something dark hurried by me over the snow and joined the quail I was watching. It was one of the covey that I had heard call from the woods.

Again and again the signal was sent forth until a third, fourth, and finally a fifth were grouped about the leader. There was just an audible twitter of welcome and gratitude exchanged as each newcomer made his appearance. Once more the whistle sounded; but this time there was no response across the silent field.

The quails made their way to a thick cedar that spread out over the ground, and, huddling together in a close bunch under this, they murmured something soft and low among themselves and — dreamed.

Some of the family were evidently missing, and I crept away, sorry that even one had been taken from the little brood.

BOB WHITE

George Cooper

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked is the corn:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight — but, hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little mate and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name,
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

THE SANDPIPER

Celia Thaxter

Across the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit across the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.

He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well-tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

RARE SEPTEMBER

'Tis the radiant rare September,
With the clusters ripe on the vine,
With scents that mingle in spicy tingle
On the hill slope's glimmering line.

And summer's a step behind us,
And autumn's a thought before,
And each fleet sweet day that we meet on the way
Is an angel at the door.

THE RACE

MARY MAPES DODGE

The 20th of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal, and river, but the ice showed no sign of melting. The very weathercocks stood still to enjoy the sight. This gave the windmills a holiday. Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly: now, being rather out of breath, they rocked lazily in the clear, still air. Catch a windmill working when the weathercocks have nothing to do!

There was an end to grinding, crushing, and sawing for that day. It was a good thing for the millers near Broek. Long before noon, they concluded to take in their sails, and go to the race. Everybody would be there. Men, women, and children, in holiday attire, were flocking toward the spot. Some wore furs, and wintry cloaks or shawls; but many, consulting their feelings rather than the almanac, were dressed as for an October day.

The site selected for the race was a faultless plain of ice near Amsterdam, on that great arm of the Zuyder-Zee,

which Dutchmen, of course, must call the Eye. The townspeople turned out in large numbers.

Look at those boys and girls on stilts! That is a good idea. They can see over the heads of the tallest. It is strange to see these little bodies high in the air, carried about on mysterious legs. They have such a resolute look on their round faces, what wonder that nervous old gentlemen, with tender feet, wince and tremble while the long-legged little monsters stride past them!

Half a mile on the ice, when the atmosphere is like this, is but a short distance, after all, especially when fenced with a living chain of spectators.

The music has commenced. How melody seems to enjoy itself in the open air! The fiddles have forgotten their agony; and everything is harmonious. Until you look at the blue tent, it seems that the music springs from the sunshine, it is so boundless, so joyous. Only when you see the staid-faced musicians, you realize the truth.

Where are the racers? All assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight, — forty boys and girls in picturesque attire, darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering, in the fulness of youthful glee.

A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps:

others, halting on one leg, with flushed, eager faces, suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, give it an examining shake, and dart off again. One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them; and every runner seems bewitched.

Holland is the place for skaters, after all. Look at Ben! I did not see him before. He is really astonishing the natives; no easy thing to do in the Netherlands. Save your strength, Ben; you will need it soon. Now other boys are trying! Ben is surpassed already. Such jumping, such poising, such spinning, such india-rubber exploits generally! That boy with a red cap is the lion now: his back is a watch-spring, his body is cork — no, it is iron, or it would snap at that. He is a bird, a top, a rabbit, a corkscrew, a sprite, a flesh-ball, all in an instant. When you think he's erect, he is down; and, when you think he is down, he is up. He drops his glove on the ice, and turns a somerset as he picks it up. Without stopping, he snatches the cap from Jacob Poot's astonished head, and claps it back again "hindside before." Lookers-on hurrah and laugh. Foolish boy! It is arctic weather under your feet, but more than temperate overhead. Big drops already are rolling down your forehead. Superb skater, as you are, you may lose the race.

Twenty boys and twenty girls. The latter, by this

time, are standing in front, braced for the start; for they are to have the first "run." Hilda, Rychie, and Katrinka are among them. Two or three bend hastily to give a last pull at their skate-straps. It is pretty to see them stamp to be sure that all is firm. Hilda is speaking pleasantly to a graceful little creature in a red jacket and a new brown petticoat. Why, it is Gretel! What a difference those pretty shoes make, and the skirt, and the new cap! Annie Bouman is there, too. Even Janzoon Kolp's sister has been admitted; but Janzoon himself has been voted out by the directors, because he killed the stork, and, only last summer, was caught in the act of robbing a bird's nest, — a legal offence in Holland.

This Janzoon Kolp, you see, was — there, I cannot tell the story just now. The race is about to commence.

Twenty girls formed in a line. The music has ceased.

A man, whom we shall call the crier, stands between the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice: —

"THE GIRLS AND BOYS ARE TO RACE IN TURN, UNTIL ONE GIRL AND ONE BOY HAS BEATEN TWICE. THEY ARE TO START IN A LINE FROM THE UNITED COLUMNS, SKATE TO THE FLAGSTAFF LINE, TURN, AND THEN COME BACK TO THE STARTING-POINT, THUS MAKING A MILE AT EACH RUN."

The flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame van

Gleck rises in her pavilion. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark!

They are off!

No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand.

The signal is repeated.

Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go!

The multitude is quiet for an instant, absorbed in eager, breathless watching.

Cheers spring up along the line of spectators. Huzza! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary-mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it, and a dash of yellow nearer still. Spectators at this end of the line strain their eyes, and wish they had taken their post nearer the flagstaff.

The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see. Katrinka is ahead!

She passes the Van Holp pavilion. The next is Madame van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and

gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She, too, waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion. The crowd is cheering; but she hears only her father's voice, — "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick, merry laugh, shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is gaining now.

She passes them all, — all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air: the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"GRETEL BRINKER, ONE MILE!" shouts the crier.

The judges nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand.

While the girls are resting, — some crowding eagerly around our frightened little Gretel, some standing aside in high disdain, — the boys form in line.

Mynheer van Gleck drops the handkerchief this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast.

The boys have started.

Halfway already. Did ever you see the like!

Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys. No matter: there were hundreds of legs, I am sure. Where are they now? There is such a noise, one gets bewildered. What are the people laughing at? Oh! at that fat boy in the rear. See him go! See him! He'll be down in an instant: no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone: the other boys are nearly at the boundary-line. Yes, he knows it. He stops. He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap, and looks about him. Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty, astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot!

The fine fellow is already among the spectators, gazing as eagerly as the rest.

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to," and turn at the flagstaffs.

Something black is coming now, one of the boys: it is

all we know. Now they come nearer: we can see the red cap. There's Ben, there's Peter, there's Hans!

Hans is ahead. Young Madame van Gend almost crushes the flowers in her hand: she had been quite sure that Peter would be first. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap; he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans. Madame van Gend catches her breath.

It is Peter! He is ahead! Hans shoots past him. Hilda's eyes fill with tears: Peter *must* beat. Annie's eyes flash proudly. Gretel gazes with clasped hands: four strokes more will take her brother to the columns.

He is there! Yes; but so was young Schummel just a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them, and passed the goal.

"CARL SCHUMMEL, ONE MILE!" shouts the crier.

Soon Madame van Gleck rises again. The fallen handkerchief starts the bugle; and the bugle, using its voice as a bow-string, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight; but one has not long to look: before we can fairly distinguish them, they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another. It is hard to say, as they come speeding back from the flag-

staff, which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost, — eager, glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there, and Hilda; but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering, but, when Rychie passes her, she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance: she is almost "home." She has not faltered since that bugle-note sent her flying: like an arrow, still she is speeding toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the air. Peter is silent; but his eyes shine like stars. "Huzza! Huzza!"

The crier's voice is heard again.

"Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"

A loud murmur of approval runs through the crowd, catching the music in its course, till all seems one sound, with a glad rhythmic throbbing in its depths. When the flag waves, all is still.

Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind, — dark chaff, I admit, and in big pieces.

It is whisked around at the flagstaff, driven faster yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance this time, and all abreast, — Hans, Peter, and Lambert. Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff. Fly, Hans; fly, Peter; don't let Carl beat again! — Carl the

bitter, Carl the insolent. Van Mounen is flagging; but you are as strong as ever. Hans and Peter, Peter and Hans: which is foremost? We love them both. We scarcely care which is the fleeter.

Hilda, Annie, and Gretel, seated upon the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet, so different! and yet one in eagerness. Hilda instantly reseats herself: none shall know how interested she is; none shall know how anxious, how filled with one hope. Shut your eyes, then, Hilda; hide your face rippling with joy. Peter has beaten.

"PETER VAN HOLP, ONE MILE!" calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din; but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object near the column. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt, though somewhat stunned. If he were less sullen, he would find more sympathy in these warm young hearts. As it is, they forget him as soon as he is fairly on his feet again.

The girls are to skate their third mile.

How resolute the little maidens look as they stand in a line! Some are solemn with a sense of responsibility; some wear a smile half bashful, half provoked: but one air of determination pervades them all.

This third mile may decide the race. Still, if neither

Gretel nor Hilda win, there is yet a chance among the rest for the silver skates.

Each girl feels sure that this time she will accomplish the distance in one-half the time. How they stamp to try their runners! How nervously they examine each strap! How erect they stand at last, every eye on Madame van Gleck!

The bugle thrills through them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last.

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the eager straining of eyes; again the shouts and cheering; again the thrill of excitement, as, after a few moments, four or five, in advance of the rest, come speeding back, nearer, nearer, to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrinka, Annie, nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow, but Gretel, — Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the earlier race: *now* she is in earnest, or, rather, something within her has determined to win. That lithe little form makes no effort; but it can not stop, — not till the goal is passed!

In vain the crier lifts his voice; he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell; it is already ringing through the crowd, — *Gretel has won the silver skates!*

Like a bird, she has flown over the ice; like a bird,

she looks about her in a timid, startled way. She longs to dart, but Hans is beside her; the girls are crowding round. Hilda's kind, joyous voice breathes in her ear. From that hour, none will despise her. Goose-girl, or not, Gretel stands acknowledged Queen of the Skaters. With natural pride, Hans turns to see if Peter van Holp is witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter is not looking toward them at all. He is kneeling, bending his troubled face low, and working hastily at his skate-strap. Hans is beside him at once.

"Are you in trouble, mynheer?"

"Ah, Hans! that you? Yes, my fun is over. I tried to tighten my strap, to make a new hole; and this botheration of a knife has cut it nearly in two."

"Mynheer," said Hans, at the same time pulling off a skate, "you must use my strap!"

"Not I, indeed, Hans Brinker!" cried Peter, looking up, "though I thank you warmly. Go to your post, my friend; the bugle will sound in a minute."

"Mynheer!" pleaded Hans in a husky voice. "You have called me your friend. Take this strap — quick! There is not an instant to lose. I shall not skate this time; indeed, I am out of practice. Mynheer, you *must* take it;" and Hans, blind and deaf to any remonstrance, slipped his strap into Peter's skate, and implored him to put it on.

"Come, Peter!" cried Lambert, from the line; "we are waiting for you."

"For madame's sake," pleaded Hans, "be quick! She is motioning to you to join the racers. There, the skate is almost on; quick, mynheer, fasten it. I could not possibly win. The race lies between Master Schummel and yourself."

"You are a noble fellow, Hans!" cried Peter, yielding at last. He sprang to his post just as the white handkerchief fell to the ground. The bugle sends forth its blast, loud, clear, and ringing.

Off go the boys.

"Mine Gott!" cries a tough old fellow from Delft. "They beat everything, — these Amsterdam youngsters. See them!"

See them, indeed! They are winged Mercuries, every one of them. What mad errand are they on? Ah, I know; they are hunting Peter van Holp. He is some fleet-footed runaway from Olympus. Mercury and his troop of winged cousins are in full chase. They will catch him! Now Carl is the runaway. The pursuit grows furious. Ben is foremost.

The chase turns in a cloud of mist. It is coming this way. Who is hunted now? Mercury himself. It is Peter, Peter van Holp! Fly, Peter! Hans is watching you. He is sending all his fleetness, all his strength,

into your feet. Your mother and sister are pale with eagerness. Hilda is trembling, and dare not look up. Fly, Peter! The crowd has not gone deranged; it is only cheering. The pursuers are close upon you. Touch the white column! It beckons; it is reeling before you — it —

"Huzza! Huzza! Peter has won the silver skates!"

"PETER VAN HOLP!" shouted the crier. But who heard him? "Peter van Holp!" shouted a hundred voices; for he was the favorite boy of the place. "Huzza! Huzza!"

Now the music was resolved to be heard. It struck up a lively air, then a tremendous march. The spectators, thinking something new was about to happen, deigned to listen and to look.

The racers formed in single file. Peter, being tallest, stood first. Gretel, the smallest of all, took her place at the end. Hans, who had borrowed a strap from the cake-boy, was near the head.

Three gayly twined arches were placed at intervals upon the river, facing the Van Gleck pavilion.

Skating slowly, and in perfect time to the music, the boys and girls moved forward, led on by Peter. It was beautiful to see the bright procession glide along like a living creature. It curved and doubled, and drew its graceful length in and out among the arches; which-

ever way Peter, the head, went, the body was sure to follow. Sometimes it steered direct for the centre arch; then, as if seized with a new impulse, turned away and curled itself about the first one; then unwound slowly, and bending low, with quick, snakelike curvings, crossed the river, passing at length through the farthest arch.

When the music was slow, the procession seemed to crawl like a thing afraid; it grew livelier, and the creature darted forward with a spring, gliding rapidly among the arches, in and out, curling, twisting, turning, never losing form, until, at the shrill call of the bugle rising above the music, it suddenly resolved itself into boys and girls standing in double semicircle before Madame van Gleck's pavilion.

Peter and Gretel stand in the centre, in advance of the others. Madame van Gleck rises majestically. Gretel trembles, but feels that she must look at the beautiful lady. She cannot hear what is said, there is such a buzzing all around her. She is thinking that she ought to try to make a courtesy, such as her mother makes to the *meester* when suddenly something so dazzling is placed in her hand that she gives a cry of joy.

Then she ventures to look about her. Peter, too, has something in his hands. "Oh, oh! how splendid!" she cries; and "Oh! how splendid!" is echoed as far as people can see.

Meantime the silver skates flash in the sunshine, throwing dashes of light upon those two happy faces. Mevrouw van Gend sends a little message with her bouquets, — one for Hilda, one for Carl, and others for Peter and Gretel.

At sight of the flowers, the Queen of the Skaters becomes uncontrollable. With a bright stare of gratitude, she gathers skates and bouquet in her apron, hugs them to her bosom, and darts off to search for her father and mother in the scattering crowd.

NOTES

ABBEY, HENRY (1842–).— American poet and journalist. Author of *May Dreams, Stories in Verse*, etc.

ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN (1805–1875).— Danish novelist and poet, best known as a writer of fairy-tales.

BALDWIN, JAMES (1841–).— American editor and author. Our selection is from *The Story of Siegfried*, one of his best-known books. Author also of *The Story of Roland*, *A Story of the Golden Age*.

BARBAULD, MRS. ANNA LETITIA (1743–1825).— English poet and essayist. Author of *Poems* and *Hymns in Prose for Children*.

BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757–1827).— A noted English poet, engraver and painter. His *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* are full of beauty and simple charm, showing a great love of nature and of animals.

BOLTON, SARAH KNOWLES (1841–).— Well-known American miscellaneous writer and poet.

BROWNING, ROBERT (1812–1889).— A famous English poet. He wrote many beautiful songs and impressive dramas. He was the author of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

BURNETT, MRS. FRANCES HODGSON (1849–).— An English-American novelist who has written some delightful stories about boys and girls. Especially famous are *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *Sara Crewe*. Our selection has been taken from the latter book.

BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH (1839–1905).— American poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer.

CARROLL, LEWIS, the assumed name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (1832–1898).— An English clergyman and writer. He wrote several very interesting stories for boys and girls. The most popular are *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, *Through the Looking Glass*, and *The Hunting of the Snark*.

CARY, ALICE (1820–1871).— Born near Cincinnati, Ohio, and very well known on account of her poetry, which is simple and tender.

CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819–1861).— English poet and author.

COLTON, CHARLES CALEB (1780–1832).— English clergyman and writer. His chief work is *Lacon, or many things in few words, addressed to those who think*.

COWPER, WILLIAM (1731–1800).— Celebrated English poet. Best known as the author of *The Task* and *John Gilpin*.

Cranch, Christopher Pearse (1813–1892). — American landscape painter, poet, and translator. Author of *Poems*, *The Bird and the Bell*, etc.

Cunningham, Allan (1784–1842). — Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer. Author of *Traditional Tales of the Peasantry* and *The Songs of Scotland — Ancient and Modern.*

Defoe, Daniel (1661–1731). — Celebrated English novelist and political writer. His most famous work is *Robinson Crusoe.*

Dodge, Mrs. Mary Mapes (1838–1905). — American authoress, editor of the *St. Nicholas* from 1873 until her death. Her most popular book is *Hans Brinker*, from which our selection has been taken.

Dole, Charles Fletcher (1845–). — American clergyman, author and lecturer, writes chiefly on religious subjects.

Eggleston, Edward (1837–1902). — American novelist and historian. Eggleston is particularly an Indiana writer. His best-known books are *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* and *The Hoosier Schoolboy.* He wrote also a very popular History of the United States and a series of historical studies on *The Beginners of a Nation.*

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1803–1882). — Famous American essayist and poet; one of the greatest thinkers. For many years he lectured on such subjects as Culture, Human Life, Nature, Representative Men, and aroused the young men of America to the importance of pure living and high thinking.

Ewald, Carl (1856–1908). — Well-known Danish story writer. Author of *My Little Boy* and *The Old Room.*

Gordy, Wilbur Fiske (1854–). — American educator and well-known writer on historical subjects. Author of *History of the United States for Schools.*

Grinnell, George Bird (1849–). — American editor and story writer. Our selection is from *Pawnee Hero Stories.* Author also of *Blackfoot Lodge Tales* and *The Story of the Indian.*

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (1804–1864). — American novelist and short-story writer, author of our greatest romance, *The Scarlet Letter* (1850). He wrote also many interesting stories to be found in the collections, — *The Wonder Book*, *Twice-Told Tales*, and *Tanglewood Tales.*

Hemans, Mrs. Felicia (1793–1835). — Well-known English poet.

Higginson, Ella. — American writer of short stories and verse. Author of *From the Land of the Snow Pearls* (prose) and *When the Birds Go North Again* (verse).

Holland, Josiah Gilbert (1819–1881). — American author, journalist, and editor. He wrote several popular stories, containing pleasant pictures

of New England. His best boy's book, *Arthur Bonnicastle*, is a story of Yankee life. He also wrote *Timothy Titcomb's Letters* and *Bitter Sweet*.

Howitt, William (1792–1879).—English poet and miscellaneous writer. Author of the *Book of the Seasons*, *Rural Life of England*, etc.

Hughes, Thomas (1823–1896).—A famous English author and reformer. He was educated at Rugby School in England and wrote *Tom Brown's School Days*, picturing the life at Rugby. This book and his other famous story, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, are two of the best books that a boy can read.

Hunt, James Henry Leigh (1784–1859).—English essayist, poet, and miscellaneous writer. Author of *Recollections of Lord Byron* and *Autobiography*.

Hurdis, James (1763–1801).—English poet.

Ingelow, Jean (1830–1897).—An English poet and novelist. She wrote many beautiful poems and stories for boys and girls.

Jefferson, Thomas (1743–1826).—Third President of the United States (1801–1809). He drafted the Declaration of Independence.

Jordan, David Starr (1851–).—A prominent American naturalist. President of Leland Stanford University. He has written many interesting stories about animals.

Keller, Helen Adams (1880–).—American miscellaneous writer, deaf and blind since early childhood; through the assistance of her teacher enabled to pass through and graduate from Radcliffe College. Her best-known book is *The Story of My Life*.

Key, Francis Scott (1779–1843).—American poet, author of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (1807–1882).—The best-known and most beloved American poet. Of his long poems the best are *Evangeline*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Hiawatha*, and *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Longfellow was for many years a professor in Harvard College.

Lowell, James Russell (1819–1891).—American poet, essayist, scholar, diplomat; professor at Harvard University, editor of *Atlantic Monthly* and *North American Review*, ambassador to Spain and to Great Britain. His Odes are probably the greatest odes written by an American poet. Besides his *Vision of Sir Launfal*, and his humorous and patriotic *Biglow Papers*, Lowell has written many interesting essays on great authors and great books.

Mackay, Charles (1814–1889).—Scottish poet and journalist; special correspondent of the *London Times* at New York during the Civil War.

Murray-Aaron, Eugene (1852–).—American author, journalist, and editor. Chiefly known for his writings on natural history.

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON (1853–). — American author, noted for his stories depicting life in the South before the Civil War. Two of his best books are *In Ole Virginia*, *Two Little Confederates*. Through his stories run themes of kindly feeling and loyalty.

PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE (1785–1866). — English novelist and poet. His best-known books are *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*.

PERRY, FRANCES. — An Indiana writer, assistant professor of English at Wellesley College.

PYLE, HOWARD (1853–). — A famous American artist. The selection has been taken from his delightful stories about Robin Hood and his men.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (1849–). — One of the true poets of America, born in Indiana. Mr. Riley has described many odd characters of the farm or the small town, the simple drollness of childhood, the splendid sentiment of ripe manhood and old age. The world may well be grateful for the humor and pathos of true and inspired poets such as Mr. Riley.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA (1830–1894). — Well-known English writer of verse. Author of *The Prince's Progress*, *A Pageant and Other Poems*, etc.

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY (1816–1887). — American poet, journalist, and lecturer; best known for his humorous poems.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564–1616). — The greatest English poet and dramatist, writer of comedies, tragedies, and historical plays.

SHARP, DALLAS LORE (1870–). — Professor of English in Boston University; a delightful writer about nature. The selection has been made from his interesting book, *A Watcher in the Woods*.

SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER (1860–). — American poet, and professor in Columbia University.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850–1894). — Scottish poet, essayist, and novelist. His most popular novels are *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and *David Balfour*.

TABB, JOHN BANISTER (1845–). — American teacher and poet. Author of *Poems*, *Lyrics*, and *Poems — Grave and Gay*.

TAYLOR, JANE (1783–1824). — English poet and essayist.

TENNYSON, LORD ALFRED (1809–1892). — Famous English poet. In the *Idylls of the King* Tennyson tells the story of King Arthur and the Round Table. *In Memoriam* is a long poem in which Tennyson describes his grief at the death of his dearest friend, and how the grief was turned into peace when he realized that the parting was not forever. Tennyson also wrote many short poems.

THAXTER, MRS. CELIA LEIGHTON (1835–1894).— American poet, author of *Poems for Children.*

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY (1829–1900). — American author, for many years associate editor of *Harper's Magazine.* His essays and books of travel are delightful reading, full of humor, revealing a most genial and attractive personality. Every boy should read his *Being a Boy,* from which our extract is taken. He wrote also *Backlog Studies, My Summer in a Garden, A Roundabout Journey.*

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807–1892). — Whittier is the poet who gives the best pictures of New England life. *Snowbound* is the story of the way a New England family passed the time while kept in by a deep snow. Whittier worked hard to have slavery abolished and wrote many of his poems and essays to make people see the evils of slavery.

WOODWORTH, SAMUEL (1785–1842). — American poet; best known as the author of *The Old Oaken Bucket.*

WOOLSON, CONSTANCE FENIMORE (1848–1894). — American novelist and poet. Her best-known novels are *Anne* and *East Angels.*

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770–1850). — One of the greatest English poets. He liked to write about nature, choosing such subjects as flowers, the cuckoo's voice, the hare, the noise of waters, the voices of the wind, the mountains, and simple, quiet, country people. Some one has said that to read one of his poems is like spending a day in the country.

ZITKALA SÄ. — American Indian; teacher and writer. Her best-known work is *Old Indian Legends.*

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